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A TRANSLATION.

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE IV.

Solvitur acris Hyemps grata vice Veris et Favoni.

HARSH winter thaws with pleasant change of
spring and zephyr,The long-dried keels are dragged adown the
shore ;In fire and stall no more delight the hind and
heifer,

No longer with the frost the fields are hoar.

Now Venus 'neath the moon, her choral dances
showing,The comely Graces, and the Nymphs in choir,
Trip lightly o'er the earth, while Vulcan,
grimly glowing,

Works with the mighty Cyclops at his fire.

Now we may round our brow with myrtle
wreath adorn us,Or any floweret which the thawed earth
yields ;Now we may sacrifice, in darkling groves, to
Faunus

The kid or lamb demanded from our fields.

Pale death, with even tramp advancing, smites,
and crieth

At pauper cottage and at palace tower.

Fortunate Sextius ! life's short span all length-
ened hope denieth,

Night and the fabled Manes on thee lower,

And Pluto's narrow home : in which, when
once you enter,No more for lordship of the feast you'll
throw,Nor gaze on Lycidas, on whom youths' eyes
all centre,And for whom maidens soon will learn to
glow.

Academy.

JAMES INNES MINCHIN.

LING HOLME: WINDERMERE.

THE rivers feed thee from the valleys round,

And rills from clustering mountains, Win-
dermere ;And in thy wind-stirred waters moves the
sound

Of life from all thy sources, far or near.

Thy deep, low murmurs to the listening ear

Rise in harmonic echoes, and resound
The pattering becks that from the far cliff
bound,

The roaring fall, the wind in grasses sere.

Full-remembered lake ! I would that this my soul,
Or whatsoe'er in me is most of me,

Could treasure ev'n as thou the echoes past ;

Learning a fuller utterance as years roll,
Tender from tears, yet glad with innocent
glee, —And Love, the first tone, lingering to the last !
Spectator.

F. W. B.

MELROSE.

YE nameless builders of a bygone age,
Whose patient toil hath sanctified our land
With holy relics, ye whose cunning hand
Raised this fair abbey (now by senseless rage
Of bigotry, that all-consuming brand,
Spoiled of its ancient glory), ye who planned
Fountains and Rievaulx, would your names
might stand

In golden letters upon History's page !

Your art is dead ; we build up pile on pile,

Setting our sails to catch the wayward nod

Of public favor, greedy of men's praise ;

Ye lived obscure, nor grudged to spend your
days

On one small corner of a single aisle, —

And died content, because ye worked for God.

Spectator.

A. T.

A GRAVE STREWN WITH CROCUSES.

BRIGHT yellow crocuses, last year

She still was here,

And watched you growing.

Now scattered on her grave ye rest

Just o'er her breast

Unknown, unknowing.

Ye too must die ere set of sun,

Ere growth have won

Its full completeness,

Yet busy bees are round you rife,

For all your life,

Like hers, was sweetness.

E. WORDSWORTH.

THE SONNET'S VOICE.

(A METRICAL LESSON BY THE SEASHORE.)

YON silvery billows breaking on the beach

Fall back in foam beneath the starshine
clear,The while my rhymes are murmuring in your
ear

A restless lore like that the billows teach ;

For on these sonnet-waves my soul would reach

From its own depths and rest within you,
dear,As through the billowy voices yearning here
Great nature strives to find a human speech.

A sonnet is a wave of melody :

From soundless gulfs of the impassioned
soul

A billow of heart-music one and whole

Flows in the "octave ;" then, returning free,

Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll

Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

Athenæum.

THEODORE WATTS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
CARLO GOLDONI.

THE career of an actor, notwithstanding all that has been said in its favor, can scarcely be considered a lofty career. It is fine indeed to "interpret," as it is called, the finest poetry to the multitude, and recommend to them by all the arts of the stage, by life and movement, and the expression of the living countenance and the sound of the living voice, sentiments and noble thoughts which, without these, might have remained too high for the crowd; and there is no more delightful or inspiring recreation than that of witnessing a fine tragedy or even comedy of the higher type. But when all is said, and fully allowing that the stage may be made, and is made from time to time, by exceptional persons, an entirely honorable and artistic profession, it yet remains true that in the majority of cases it is a difficult and dangerous one, and not likely to call forth the best part of human character. The forced intimacy of a number of people, perhaps in no way really congenial to each other; the common dependence upon the public favor, which can scarcely exist without raising a hundred petty jealousies; the atmosphere of fiction in which they move and have their being; the contact into which men and women are necessarily brought, permitting, nay enforcing, a familiarity which is never in favor of good morals, — all these things are sadly derogatory to the position of the ordinary actor. But at the same time, they make the picture of the dramatic life, wherever we obtain a glimpse of it, amusing beyond that of almost any other trade. The green-room is a stage not less lively, not less entertaining, than the actual scene; and the sight of so many highly individual personages, all extremely apt to give full vent to their passions and sentiments, alternating between the tragic and the commonplace, the imaginary life of courts and camps, and that of the untidiest poor lodgings, is always piquant and sometimes touching. The charm of being "behind the scenes" is one which fascinates almost everybody. We make use of the phrase as expressing the highest experiences of life; but when we take

it merely *au pied de la lettre*, it is still something wonderfully amusing, attractive, piquing the curiosity, and satisfying the inquisitiveness of our nature. Perhaps it is because it is their trade to feign that no class reveals itself so freely, or carries its peccadilloes so frankly on the surface; so that, in short, it is "as good as a play" to peep over some lively spectator's shoulder and see how the first gentleman scowls at his competitor, and the *ingénue* weeps with rage to have a speech abstracted from her *rôle*, or to hear the serious heroine applauded more warmly than herself. This amusing study, however, contributes, we fear, rather to form a cynical than a sympathetic habit of thought: the frequenters of the *coulisses* are seldom charitable judges. They are apt to attribute the worst motives, and to laugh at all pretences of special virtue. At the same time, there is always a certain charm in the artless exhibition of human nature, to which, the moment he has ended the representation perhaps of some lofty and rare type, the actor so readily lends himself. He takes off the usual disguises which we wear before men when he doffs his stage costume, and is not only himself with all the piquancy of a sudden contrast, but himself without restraint or decorum, performing in public, with often noisy simplicity, those eccentricities which men in general carefully reserve for the edification of their families. He scolds and weeps, and makes love and quarrels in our presence, without the slightest sense of unfitness. At all times the humors of a strolling troop have been more amusing than anything they acted. A highly correct and gentlemanly memoir like that of Macready, or such a record as that which Mrs. Fanny Kemble has lately given to the world, where the stage forms little more than a background of the life of a more than ordinarily accomplished woman, has little of this frank and easy existence; but even such writers as these afford some illustrations of our meaning, in the glimpses they give us of the rank and file of the profession, if not in any experiences of their own.

Carlo Goldoni was not an actor but a

dramatist, but his life was spent in the theatre — and his autobiography is full of the freaks of the profession, and the humor of its representations. An Italian — nay, a Venetian, the most light and gaily-loving type of the modern Italian — and a genuine representative of the eighteenth century, his book is crowded throughout with lively figures and constant movement, with adventure and airy passion, keen and short-lived, with scrapes of every kind, and lucky escapes, and clever inventions. To be an autobiographer at all, a man must possess a certain amount of confidence in himself and in the interest of the world — something of the quality which we call vanity, which has, however, as many varieties as any other quality of which the mind is capable. Goldoni's vanity is never offensive. It is not braggart like that of Benvenuto, the fierce Florentine, who was a man of a more primitive age, nor smug and consequential like that of the correct and self-applauding Gibbon, who belongs to the same century. The complacency of his record is perfectly genial and simple. The story of the numerous attempts he made to establish himself in life, and the errors and accidents which balked him in his education and in his profession, until need and inclination combined made a way for him into the trade which he had hankered after all along, is quite impartial and honest, extenuating none of the youthful faults which so often stopped his progress. His motive for writing his memoirs is the usual desire which a man who has not proved a prophet in his own country, entertains to set himself right with posterity. There is no author, good or bad, he says, who has not his life printed before his works; and how should such portraits, made at a distance, resemble the originals? If they are drawn by a friendly hand, praise modifies the facts; if by an unfriendly writer, criticism is apt to become satire.

My life is not an interesting one. But in time to come it may happen that in the corner of an old library a collection of my works may be found, and some curious reader may perhaps then desire to know who was this singular man who set before him the project of

reforming the theatre of his country, and who placed on the stage a hundred and fifty comedies in verse and prose, full of character and plot, and in his lifetime saw eighteen editions of these plays issued from the press. No doubt it will be said: This man must have been rich: why did he leave his country? Ah! it is well that posterity should know that in France alone Goldoni found rest, tranquillity, and well-being. . . .

This is the compendium of my life, from my birth to the beginning of that which is called in Italy the reform of the Italian theatre. Here it will be seen how dramatic genius, which was always my ruling passion, was manifested in me, how developed; the attempts vainly made to disgust me with it, and the sacrifices I have made to this imperious idol which has drawn me after its car. This forms the first part of my memoirs. The second part comprehends the history of all my productions, the circumstances which suggested their plots and construction, the rivalries awakened by my successes, the cabals which I have scorned, the criticisms which I have respected, the satires which I have endured in silence, and the intrigues of the actors which I have overcome. Here it will be seen that human nature is the same everywhere, that jealousy is everywhere to be met with, and that everywhere a man of peaceable disposition and composed mind will succeed in gaining the affection of the public, and in wearing out the treachery of his enemies.

Goldoni was born in Venice in 1707, while the republic still possessed all its ancient rights and government, though already in full decadence, and of small importance among the nations. His early years were passed in the house of his grandfather, who held "a very honorable and lucrative post" in the office of the *Cinque Savi del Commercio*, the Chamber of Commerce, or Board of Trade, in that city of merchant princes; but this grandfather was, alas! *punto economico*. So long as he lived all went well. The family occupied a villa six leagues from Venice, and lived a life of pleasure. Comedies and operas were their continual amusements, — all the best actors and most renowned musicians were at the command of the hospitable and liberal official. "I was born in the midst of this gaiety, of this wealth," says Goldoni; "was it possible that I should despise the

theatre, or be other than a lover of amusement?" He was the delight of the house, he informs us. When he first opened his eyes to the light of day, the genial baby never cried. "This quiet seemed to manifest from the beginning the peaceful character which has always distinguished me," he adds. "I was docile, gentle, obedient; and at four read, wrote, and knew the catechism by heart." At the same age he managed a little theatre of marionettes with great delight, and at eight had already attempted the composition of a comedy. "I confided it first to my nurse, who thought it full of genius: my aunt made fun of me; my mother scolded me, but kissed me at the same time; and my tutor declared it was full of spirit and sense beyond my years."

Goldoni's life, so characteristically begun, was, however, soon overclouded. When his grandfather died it was discovered that his affairs were in hopeless disorder, and it became necessary for his father, then a young man apparently of no particular occupation, with the habits of a rich man's son, to seek occupation for himself: and the education of the child was carried on irregularly — now with his mother in Venice, now in Rome, now in Rimini, wandering from one place to another. In the latter place the boy was left among strangers, to the great mutual distress of his mother and himself; she returned to Venice, or at least to the neighborhood of Venice, to Chiozza, while he remained at school, where he hated the principal instructor, and made but a poor figure in the class, his heart being sick for home. But when it is added that this disagreeable tutor lectured on philosophy, and that the pupil was barely fourteen, it is not surprising that his studies were little acceptable to him. Left thus lonely and uninterested, it was a delight to him to escape from the lectures of the abstruse "Thomist" to the performances given by a wandering troop of players; and when he was admitted behind the scenes, a new world of mysterious delight burst upon him. He had never before seen women on the stage, and he found that their presence embellished it beyond description. Young as he was, he already

gave furtive occhiate a quelle signorette: and on their part the player ladies, of whom he afterwards made so many sketches, were amused by the shy yet daring boy, who, when he was found to be Venetian like themselves, became the pet of the company. When their representations were over, he found that they were bound to Chiozza. "To Chiozza!" he cried; "my mother is there: and how I should like to see her!" "Come with us," cried the friendly players. The temptation was too much for his powers of resistance. He put in his pockets two shirts and a nightcap (he was always very careful about his nightcap), and stealing out, hid himself in the vessel in which his friends were to embark. There were twelve actors besides attendants, "a prompter, a machinist, a wardrobe-keeper, eight servants, two nurses, children of every age, dogs, cats, apes, parrots, birds, pigeons, and a lamb; it was like Noah's ark." Goldoni gives an amusing description of the leisurely voyage along those sunny coasts from Rimini to Chiozza: how they ate and drank, and made music, and played games, from one repast to another.

But the bell announced dinner, and all hurried to table. Macaroni! all rushed upon it, and devoured three great dishes. Then came beef *à la mode*, cold chicken, veal, dessert, excellent wine. What a good dinner! What appetites! We were four hours at table: enlivened by performances on several instruments, and many songs. The *soubrette* sang beautifully. I watched her closely, and she gave me a singular sensation. But, alas! an accident happened that interrupted the enjoyment of the company. A cat, which was the pet of the first lady (*la prima amorosa*), escaped from its basket. She called all to help, and rushed after it; but the cat was wild, like its mistress, and seeing itself pursued, darted up the mast of the boat. Madam Clarice was at a loss what to do; but a sailor climbed the mast to get hold of it, and the cat jumped into the sea and was lost. Its mistress was in despair. She wanted to slaughter all the other animals, to throw her maid into the grave of her dear puss: however, everybody took up the defence of the unfortunate maid, and the disturbance became general. Then appeared the manager, who laughed, joked, and consoled the afflicted lady, till she ended

by laughing herself—and the cat was forgotten.

This light-hearted and uncontrolled company, with all their humors, were very kind to the boy, who was received by his mother, it is needless to say, with tears of joy. The poor lady would also have scolded her truant, but at the moment when she was about to do so, suddenly recollected that she had a letter from his father, *interessantissima*, which he had not yet seen. This letter concerned his future studies, which, by the patronage of a certain Marchese Goldoni, were henceforward to be carried on at the University of Pavia. Upon the return of the father there ensued an amusing but alarming scene. The boy was hidden in a dressing-room, while his mother, trembling, confronted her husband, not knowing how much he knew of his son's adventures, or if he knew anything at all.

He seemed somewhat ill-tempered and out of sorts, and did not show his usual gaiety: perhaps it was because he was tired with his journey. They came into the room, and his first words were, "Where is my son?" My mother answered lightly, "Our youngest son is at school (*alla sua dozzina*)."

"No, no," cried my father angrily, "I ask for the eldest, who must be here. You do wrong to hide him from me; he has behaved badly, and he must be corrected." My mother, confused, did not know what to say; she stammered out, "But how—" He interrupted, stamping his foot. "Yes, yes, Signor Battaglini has told me all; he wrote to me at Modena." With a troubled look my mother implored him to hear me before he condemned me. He, still more irritated, demanded where I was. I could contain myself no longer. I opened the glass door, though I did not venture to approach. "Go away," said my father to my mother and her sister, "leave me alone with this fine fellow." They obeyed, and I, trembling, stammered out, "Oh, father!" "How, sir, what brings you here?" "Oh, father, you shall be told—" "I have been told, sir, that in spite of remonstrances, good advice, and everybody's opinion, you have had the insolence to leave Rimini." "But, father, what good was I doing at Rimini? It was mere loss of time." "How loss of time?—is it loss of time to study philosophy?" "Ah! scholastic philosophy, syllogisms, sophisms, *negò, probò, concedo*—don't you remember, papa?" (He could not help a little movement of his lip, which showed an inclination to laugh. I was sufficiently self-possessed to see this, and it gave me courage.) "Ah, papa!" I continued, "let me learn the philosophy of men, moral science and experimental physics—" "Nonsense, nonsense! how came you here?" "By sea." "With whom?" "With a company of players." "Of players?" "Papa, they were ex-

cellent people." "What is the name of the manager?" "In the theatre he is Florindo, and his name is Florindo de' Maccheroni." "Ah, ah! I know him; he is an honest fellow. He takes the part of Don Juan in the 'Convitato di Pietra.' He took it into his head to eat macaroni on the stage, which Harlequin usually does, and hence his name." "I assure you, father, that this company—" "Where has it gone?" "It is here." "It is here?" "Yes, papa—" "The troop is here? I shall go and see it." "And I, papa?" "Ah, you rascal! What is the name of the first lady?" "Clarice." "Ah, ah, Clarice! Excellent! She is ugly, but full of talent." "Papa—" "I must certainly go and thank them." "And I, papa?" "You young scape-grace!" "Papa, I beg your pardon—" "Come along, come along, for this once—"

Thus the escapade was pardoned. Dr. Goldoni himself was a wandering spirit, now here, now there; one moment in great request, curing all his patients right and left—the next off to Modena or Pavia, or back to the shores of the Adriatic. "He never settled himself permanently anywhere—a mania which by descent has come to his son also," Goldoni writes. Notwithstanding this uncertainty in his own movements, he now resolved that his son should learn medicine, and took him with him to pay visits to his patients, much to the youth's annoyance. His nomination to the University of Pavia, however, and the hope that through the Marchese Goldoni he might find public employment, changed the parental plans, and Carlo was transferred from physic to law, to begin his studies in which, he was sent to Venice, his native city, the scene of his future triumphs. Here he pauses to record the impression made upon him by that wonderful and beautiful place. All the towns of the world resemble each other more or less, he cries, but this is like no other: every time he comes back to it, it is a fresh surprise, a new revelation to him. He recalls to himself the sensations of delight with which, as a boy of fifteen, in all the ecstasy of youthful feeling, he first beheld this wonderful vision unfolding itself; the "surprising perspective," the *isolette* rising one by one out of the water, then the clustered islets of the city, bound together by innumerable bridges, and bathed by the immense sea. In those days the traveller threaded his way to San Marco "through a prodigious quantity of vessels of every kind, ships of war, mercantile vessels, frigates, galleys, barques, boats, gondolas." Notwithstanding advancing trade and national activity,

there is no such crowd of sails to be seen in the lagoon now, nor is the coming in of the traveller so picturesque; but Venice is a no less "surprising perspective," even when it is entered by the railway, which says much for the everlasting charm of that most wonderful of cities.

Goldoni's career at Pavia was not brilliant. To start with, he was compelled to receive the tonsure and a sort of clerical habit; and at the same time a year or two was added on by his anxious father to his age, which was really seventeen, but was called nineteen to make him eligible for admission. His adventures were many, and he does not hesitate to admit that his conduct was bad; but he had "enemies," as people who do badly generally have. His goings and comings were attended by several amusing adventures; and already we see the foundations of comedy in the humors of the way. One time, when he was about to start for his vacation, certain *signori* who were bound his way requested him to accompany them in the boat they had hired for the journey; and here we have a festal voyage breathing of the "Decameron," and the days when music and poetry and a thousand delights were in the very air of that "woman-country," the most oppressed, the most divided, yet the most life-enjoying of all lands. The boat hired by Goldoni's friends, one of whom was secretary to the Venetian representative in Milan, was "very different from the boat of the players of Rimini." Nothing could be more commodious and elegant than this vessel, which had been sent from Venice expressly for their use, and was a *batello coperto*, in which there was a great *salon*, and smaller rooms, all adorned with mirrors, pictures, sculptures, and the most comfortable chairs. There were beds provided, but they were not required, as the party travelled only in the day, and at night slept in the best inns, or else in the Benedictine convents on the banks of the Po. It was in the following delightful manner that the voyage was made:—

These gentlemen all played some instrument. There were three violins, one violoncello, two oboes, a horn, and a guitar. I alone was good for nothing, and was ashamed of it; but in order to make up for my uselessness, I employed myself two hours a day in putting into rhyme, good or bad as might be, the incidents and amusements of the preceding day. This nonsense gave great pleasure to my companions, and was, after coffee, our usual diversion. Their favorite occupation was music. As evening began to fall they collected upon

the roof of their moving habitation, and made the air resound with harmonious concerts, taking the part of the nymphs and shepherds of that river. Will you say, perhaps, my dear reader, that my story is wearisome? It may be so; but this is how our serenade was described in my verses. And the fact is, that the banks of the Po, called by Italian poets the king of rivers, were crowded by the inhabitants of the neighborhood, who thronged after us to listen, and throwing their hats in the air, and waving their handkerchiefs, expressed their pleasure as well as praise. We arrived at Cremona about seven in the evening. A rumor had gone before us that we were to stop there, and the banks were covered with people waiting for us. When we disembarked we were received with transports of joy, and were conducted to a superb house between the town and the country, where a concert was given, and many musicians of the country added to the entertainment. There was then a great supper: we danced all night, and returned to our boat with the rising of the sun. The same scene was repeated at Piacenza, at La Stellada, and La Bottrighe, in the house of the Marchese Tassoni; and in this way, with laughter, and games, and pastimes of all kinds, we arrived at Chiozza, where I had to separate from the most amiable and interesting society in the world.

Thus the light-hearted Venetians floated on by flowery bank and gay *castello*, bringing out the peasants from their cots, and the monks to the convent gates, and the merchants from their villas—the most delightful break in the stillness of the fast-falling night—and glided from town to town, among the lighted quays, and townsfolk all agog for an evening's pleasure. One wonders, now that Italy has grown a sober worker in the band of serious nations, whether such scenes are still to be seen on her great rivers, or if a fussy little steamer with a German brass band has replaced the graceful *signori*, with their violins and their verses, and friendly genial reception everywhere. We would not change a great Italy even in the throes of her self-construction for all the pleasantnesses of the old *régime*, but it is a pity that those pretty nationalities could not have been retained too.

When young Goldoni returned for his third year to college, he fell into a trap laid for him by certain evil-disposed fellow students, who persuaded him that the citizens of the place had been seized with a deadly hatred of the students, and had conspired among themselves to close all houses against them. His tempters so worked upon him that the as yet undeveloped dramatist, whom everybody knew to be a poet, wrote a dramatic sketch of

the sharpest satire against the important people of Pavia, with especial and somewhat shameful comment upon their daughters. "It was a satire which wounded the feelings of several honorable and respectable families," he says, adding, with a penitence much modified by secret satisfaction in his own cleverness, "I had the misfortune to make it interesting with piquant details, and with the darts of that *vis comica*, which I had the art to manage with much skill and very little prudence." The result of this too clever production was his expulsion from the college, and the loss of the favor of the Marchese Goldoni, upon whose patronage he had counted. "What horror, what remorse, what repentance!" he cries. "My hopes destroyed, my prospects sacrificed, my time lost; parents, protectors, friends, acquaintances, all against me!" Most melancholy and full of dismal thoughts, he set out on his journey, conducted to the Po by an official of the college, and turning over many despairing projects in his mind, for he was afraid to face his kind father who had already forgiven so many truanies, and the mother who wept and condoned everything with unfeeling tenderness. While the poor youth was sulking in his little berth, refusing to come to supper, a soft voice demanded admittance, pronouncing "in pathetic tones the words *Deo gratias*." This was a fellow-traveller, a Dominican friar, who listened with much sympathy to young Goldoni's story, shedding some tears, or at least putting his handkerchief to his eyes. "I was much touched by this, and opened my heart altogether to him. But at that moment the *padrone* sent word that they waited for him to sit down to table. The reverend man did not wish to lose his supper, but seeing me full of compunction, entreated the *padrone* to wait for him a little; then turning to me embraced me, wept over me, and made it clear to me that I was in a very dangerous condition, and that the enemy of my soul might easily master me, and drag me into an eternal abyss. Perceiving that I was in a pitiable condition, my exorcist proposed to me that I should confess to him; and as I threw myself at his feet, 'Blessed be God!' said he; 'dear son, prepare yourself for this act: I will come back to you immediately,' and with this he went to supper without me."

There is a ludicrous ruefulness in the situation and feelings of the young penitent left on his knees examining his conscience, with a youthful appetite begin-

ning to prick through his despair, while his confessor withdraws to supper. The interval of half an hour, with no doubt a distant sound of the knives and forks, and perhaps a whiff of savory garlic coming young Carlo's way, must have been disturbing to his state of mind; but the confession was at length accomplished under the most edifying circumstances, and the Dominican undertook to accompany him home and intercede for him with his father. The poor boy arrived at Chiozza trembling, but it is needless to say that the father and mother were speedily moved to tenderness. The end of the adventure gives us a curious glimpse into the religious ideas of the time. The Dominican, who had required his penitent to give alms as a proof of his repentance, and had taken from him the sum of thirty *pauls*, all he possessed in the world, confided to the elder Goldoni his possession of a miracle-working relic, no less than a piece of the girdle of the Virgin Mary, which being thrown into the fire remained unconsumed, and wrought all sorts of cures. One would have supposed that Dr. Goldoni, a practitioner of the eighteenth century, and contemporary of Voltaire, would have looked with sceptical eyes upon such a treasure; but he was the medical attendant of a Franciscan convent, and probably saw its utility among his patients. A day was fixed for the production of this miraculous object, and great ceremonies arranged for so solemn an occurrence. But the *podestà* being informed that a religious service was to be held without permission, by a stranger, proceeded first—a most essential condition—to "the verification of the facts," when it was found that the miraculous thread was an iron wire "accommodated" so as to deceive the spectator, and the Dominican a cheat. "The nuns were solemnly reprimanded," says Goldoni, "and the friar disappeared." The whole adventure reads like a page out of one of his comedies; but we do not remember that he ever made use of it, as he was in the habit of using the incidents of ordinary life. Goldoni had too much regard for the success of his plays, and was too much a man of the world and awake to his own advantage, to set himself against the Church.

The next step in his life brought him into the midst of an adventure entirely dramatic, one of the favorite intrigues of the stage, in real life. It was at Udine, where he had gone with his father—Dr. Goldoni, ever wandering, being now the

medico of the place — that it happened to the youth, then about twenty, to see some four steps from his own door "a certain young lady who pleased me infinitely, and to whom I should have willingly paid my addresses." He saw her only at her window, at church, and by following *modestissimamente* in her walks, and flattered himself that he had given her some indications of his regard. Whether the young lady perceived this or not, he could not tell, but her maid, a complete stage *soubrette*, called Teresa, was not long in finding it out, and our youth became the victim of a plot very amusing to hear of, but tragical to him, — was made to buy presents which the temptress appropriated, and beguiled into assignations in which she was quite willing to take her mistress's place, but which the real object of his admiration knew nothing about. Teresa appears in full perfection in the story, ready to step upon the stage, as she no doubt did afterwards in some one of the many comedies which pleased the Venetians in their day, but have not reached us. She persuades the boy to write a letter to his love, but cannot wait for it. "No," she said, "I am going to mass. I would not miss it for the world. I go every day, but I shall return when church is over." When she received the letter she presented her cheek to the modest young lover. "It is not the custom in Italy to kiss women so innocently as in France, and besides she was frightfully ugly," he says. On other occasions he has to wait till her devotions are over. "Go on," she said, — "go on, don't be afraid. I had something else to say to you, but it is late. I must not lose the mass." "I could not but perceive," says the young man, "that the mass was not much in keeping with the trade of go-between;" but he was in love, and ready to accept any means of making acquaintance with his lady. Goldoni, however, has his revenge finally, and exposes the intrigue, retiring with less damage to his heart than might have been expected.

At Udine the future dramatist made a curious beginning of his literary career as follows: —

When Lent began I went on Ash-Wednesday to hear Father Cataneo, an Augustine monk, and found his sermon admirable. When I came out of church, finding that I remembered word for word the three heads of his discourse, I succeeded in rendering in fourteen lines his argument, his treatment of it, and his moral, and thought I had made of them a very passable sonnet. I took it the same day to Signor Treo, a

gentleman of Udine, who was very learned in belles-lettres, and had the finest taste in poetry, and he, too, found the sonnet passable. He suggested some corrections, and encouraged me to continue. I kept always exactly to my practice, did the same every day, and found at Easter that I had compiled thirty-six excellent sermons into thirty-six sonnets, some good, some indifferent. I took the precaution to send them to press as soon as I had sufficient material for a volume; and in the octave of Easter published my little book, dedicating it to the deputies of the city. I received many acknowledgments from the preacher, gratitude from the first magistrates, in fact, great applause generally. The novelty pleased the public, and the rapidity of the work surprised them still more. Bravo Goldoni! But softly! we must not too soon celebrate our own praises.

The next change affords us another glimpse into the society of his time. Needless to say that in these days Italy was, as has been bitterly said, no more than a geographical term. The country was portioned out, each scrap of territory to its independent lord, foreign or domestic, and bore quietly enough the yoke, now of the Austrian, now of the Spaniard. Count Lantieri, who for a time was the patron and patient of Dr. Goldoni, was "lieutenant-general of the armies of the emperor Charles VI., and inspector of the Austrian troops in Carniola." Attending his father at the castle of this nobleman, *che era la delizia del suo paese*, young Goldoni found the manners of the country more genial and neighborly than any he had yet known.

In this district the gentlefolks visit each other in families, — parents, children, masters, servants, horses, all go together, and are received and lodged. Often you will see thirty heads of families (*padroni*) in one village, now in the house of one, now of another. Count Lantieri, being considered sick, went nowhere, but received everybody in his own house. His table was not delicate, but most abundant. I recollect especially the roast meat — which was the one indispensable dish — a quarter of mutton or of goat's flesh, or a breast of veal, formed the base. Above this was placed hares or pheasants, with a heap of birds, partridges, woodcocks; . . . the pyramid ending in teal and snipes. This extraordinary medley was quickly dismembered. It was scarcely put upon the table before the little birds were distributed all round; then each guest drew the dish towards him to cut it, and those who loved solid meat laid open the great pieces which flattered their appetite the most. It was also the fashion to have three soups at every dinner.

The things which troubled me most were the toasts, which followed each other with

great rapidity. On St. Charles's Day, the first was for his Imperial Majesty; and on such occasions a huge drinking-vase, of a perfectly original kind, was offered to every guest. This was made of glass, about a foot in height, composed of diverse globes which diminished towards the foot, and were separated into tubes. It ended in an oval opening, fitted for the mouth, from which the liquor came out. When this vessel, which was called *glo-glo*, was full, and placed to the lips, with the throat extended backward, the wine flowing out through the globes and tubes made a harmonious sound, and all the guests at table, making a corresponding sound at the same moment, created a harmony completely original and very pleasant. I do not know if this system still continues in use. All things change, and they may have changed their customs; but if there is any one in these lands who is, like me, a lover of the old times, it may be pleasant to him to have this recollection brought back to him.

After this Carlo was sent to Modena to continue his law studies there; but these were once more speedily interrupted by an incident which made a deep impression upon his sensitive mind, and threatened to alter his entire career. It must be premised that he was living in the house of the courier with whom he had travelled from Venice, who was a very devout person, and given to perpetual religious observances. He had not been many days in Modena when he saw what he calls "una tremenda cerimonia, una pompa di religiosa jurisdizione," which filled him with horror and dismay. This was the exhibition of a man, with head uncovered and hands bound, standing upon a platform raised five feet above a staring crowd, to whom a monk was putting a series of questions. The "patient," as Goldoni calls him, was an *abbé* of his own acquaintance, — "a most enlightened man of letters, a celebrated poet, much esteemed through all Italy," and the platform was the stool of repentance for a light life and conversation which was in fashion at Modena — evidently a severity of religious jurisdiction proper to this town alone. Goldoni's mind was filled with horror. "I could not contain myself," he says. "I went away thoughtful, stupefied, agitated, and my melancholy returned and took possession of me. When I got back to the house I locked myself into my room and buried myself in reflections humiliating to humanity." He went over in his mind all his own offences of a similar description which had been before discreetly hinted to the reader. While he was in this state of dismay and

compunction his host appeared and proposed to him to join the family in repeating the rosary. "Having need of distraction from my own thoughts, I accepted the invitation with pleasure, said the rosary with much devotion, and was greatly consoled by it." He then heard that the culprit had at last yielded, confessed his sins, and been sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

The terrible sight of this man never left me. I visited no one; went to Mass every day with Bastia — to sermons, evening prayers, and all the offices of the Church. He was exceedingly pleased with me, and did everything in his power to foment that religious spirit which appeared in all my actions and in my conversation, with narratives of visions, miracles, and conversions. My decision was soon made. I resolved to enter the order of the Capucins. I wrote to my father a letter which cost me a great deal of trouble, begging his permission to renounce the world and bury myself in the cloister. My father, who was far from stupid, took the greatest care not to contradict me, but soothed me with soft words, seeming pleased with the inspiration which I had indicated, and begging me only to go to him as soon as I received his letter, promising that nothing would please him and my mother so much as to give me satisfaction. . . . When I arrived at Chiozza, my dear parents received me with endless caresses. When I asked for their blessing, they gave it with tears. When I spoke of my new idea, they expressed no disapproval. My father proposed to take me to Venice, and I refused; but being told that his object was to present me to the superior of the Capucins, I consented with all my heart. We went accordingly to Venice, saw our relations and friends — dined with one, supped with another. But here a surprise was in store for me. They took me to the play; and in the course of a fortnight there was no more talk of the cloister. My melancholy floated away, my mind cleared, — I still pitied the sufferer whom I had seen on the platform, but no longer thought it necessary to renounce the world in order to avoid a similar fate.

All these breaks and interruptions in the young man's career were, however, far from amusing for the elder Goldoni, who saw his son's future prospects all unsettled, and could not tell what to do with this troublesome boy. He found at last an occupation of trust and credit, as assistant to the judge in criminal cases at Chiozza, and was afterwards sent to Feltri to fulfil the same duties, so well did he acquit himself of the charge. He had been convinced by this time of "the necessity of securing a reputation for myself, and in the quality of supernumerary sought every means of instructing my-

self, and making myself useful. The coadjutor was not too fond of work, and I spared him as much as possible, and at the end of a few months was as well acquainted with the duties as himself." This self-commendation seems so far justified, that Goldoni shows himself throughout an active and capable being, with imperfections and foolishness which he never attempts to hide, but always energetic and industrious, and full of the occupation which happens for the moment to be his. His self-confidence, notwithstanding the melancholy of which he complains from time to time, is always cheerful and ready; he is never afraid to undertake anything, nor at all particular as to the occupations offered to him. That pleasure in whatever is his own, which is so valuable a quality, applies in his case to his employments as well as his possessions; and the moment he applies himself to a certain object, he feels at once that this object is of the warmest importance to humanity, whether it be the *pro-cès verbal* of a criminal case, or the plot of a comedy. They are all interesting to himself the moment he is embarked in them. No doubt he was a most ready, serviceable, cheery *aggiunto* to the coadjutor who was not fond of his work. Young Goldoni always liked his work, and so long as something else did not attract him more, worked at it with a will — all the more when it was work which admitted of digressions, and such an Arcadian expedition as the following, — another picture of careless Italian life in the dark days of the eighteenth century which is like a series of Watteau sketches. He had just gained a lawsuit for the republic, and was in high feather on the subject, when another piece of work "much more agreeable and of the highest pleasure" came into his hands. He had to make an expedition two leagues into the country from Feltri to inquire into a riot in which there had been *arme da fuoco* and "dangerous woundings." No doubt he made his inquiries as acutely as if he had gone alone to make them; but this was how the lively young official undertook his journey: —

As the road lay through level country and by delightful country houses and estates, I engaged several of my friends to accompany me. We were twelve in all, six men and six ladies, with four servants, all on horseback. This delightful expedition lasted twelve days, during which we never had two repasts in the same place, and twelve nights in which we never slept in beds. Often we went on foot through

delightful paths encircled by verdure, and shaded by the great branches of the fig-trees, breakfasting on milk, and sometimes sharing the ordinary fare of the country people, the *polenta* made of Indian corn, with which savory roasts were sometimes served. Wherever we went, feasts, banquets, and rejoicings were made in our honor. Where we passed the evening, there were balls which lasted all night; and our ladies bore their part as stoutly as the men. . . . The official inquiry was got through speedily in two hours. On our return we took different roads, and varied our enjoyments.

After this, however, the reader will not be surprised to learn that they arrived at Feltri in a somewhat broken-down condition, and that the twelve days' journey and twelve nights' ball were somewhat too much even for the light-hearted Italian youth. "I felt it for a month after," he says, "and my poor Angelica had a forty days' fever." It was for this lady chiefly that the expedition had been made. "The singularity of the journey," he says, "afforded opportunity for revealing our sentiments to each other," and Goldoni became the *sposo* or betrothed of the Signorina Angelica. But this love-affair, like several others, came to nothing. She was too shy to take a part in a play which followed the expedition, and the lover cooled in his affections. He informs us with the frankest composure what was the cause of this change. She had that delicate beauty which the very air affects, and which the smallest inconvenience spoils. "I had the most undeniable proof of this," he adds. "The fatigue of the journey we made together changed her enormously. I was young; and if my wife, after a short time, had lost her freshness, I foresaw what would have been my desperation!" It is true he allows that this was too reasonable a way of thinking for a lover. "But whether it was virtue, or weakness, or inconstancy, I left Feltri unmarried." *Povera Angelica!* let us hope she was as calm in the matter, and reasonable as he. He makes what he calls *riflessioni morali* on the subject, which are delightfully instructive. "To leave this lovable creature (*amabile oggetto*), who had given me the first delight of virtuous love, cost me much pain. It must be said, however, that this love was never of a very vigorous kind, since I forsook the object of it. A little more intelligence, a little more grace, would perhaps have fixed me; but there was nothing but beauty, and even that appeared to me in the decline."

Before leaving Feltri, however, Goldoni had played with the beginning of his real career without knowing it. Invited by his companions to choose a subject for what we should call private theatricals, he selected a tragedy of Metastasio, in which he himself played the smallest part, being aware that in tragedy he was as bad as possible; but to make up composed two little pieces, in which he appeared to more advantage — his manner being considered "passable for a *dilettante*." This would seem to be about the first time in which the strong feeling he had on the subject of comedy found expression. Italian comedy, with its cognate art in Spain, is one of the chief sources of modern dramatic art; but in Goldoni's time the traditional harlequinade, the pantaloon, and doctor, who have now dropped into pantomime, still held possession of the stage; and a comedy meant a skeleton plot of reckless construction — a few strong situations for these established and well-known characters, without any attempt at representation of life or truth to nature. The pantaloon and harlequin have nothing indeed to do with nature: they are entirely and formally fictitious — creatures altogether apart from the ordinary world, living in a fictitious atmosphere of their own. Far less dignified than the tragic actors of the northern drama, or the fine comedians whom Molière trained, they were at the same time in their way much more important and individual, for the success of the representations depended upon themselves alone. The dialogue was their own, and all the filling up of the rudely sketched plot; and as these masked actors were often men of genius, their impromptu gave opportunity for extraordinary exhibitions of dramatic power. This is visible throughout all Goldoni's after experiences of Italian actors. Though the chief work of his life was the gradual superseding of the traditional buffoonery, and substitution of thoroughly worked-out and consistent comedy, yet his sense of the importance of the Pantalone, the immediate breaking down of the company in which this important personage fails, and the eager delight which is shown when a successor is discovered, shows clearly the position he held upon the stage. It is easy to perceive, however, how unequal and uncertain must have been the performances dependent upon improvised dialogue. What Goldoni did was, with great judgment and skill, to work these traditional person-

ages out of their independent position, and into the characters of his play — taking advantage of their individualities for the enrichment of his own character-drawing, and gradually reducing them to be the expositors of his sentiments, instead of lawless, if sometimes brilliant, interpretations of their own. Molière had exactly the same task to perform. But at this early period Goldoni had but little perception of what was before him. All he knew was, that "*le arlecchinate non mi piacevano*," and that, though his tendency was entirely towards the comic, he had no resource but to turn to the tragic drama as the only possible relief from harlequin and pantaloon. It was only after the experience of years that he ventured to act upon his own better instincts, and to take in hand the reformation of the Italian theatre, instituting in his native country — as had been already done in France and England by greater hands than his — the comedy of life and manners, which made an end of harlequin, and was in Italy an entirely new branch of the dramatic art.

He was still far, however, from taking up this mission, notwithstanding his strong propensity for the theatre, when his father died at the town of Bagnacavallo in the year 1731. Carlo Goldoni was then twenty-four, and the occupation in which he had found footing was an uncertain one, involving continual changes of residence — a peculiarity by no means displeasing to himself, but not at all apparently to the taste of his mother, who, still in the first grief of her widowhood, was anxious to have her son with her, as was natural, and also to live at home among her own people — a happiness which her husband's wandering taste had denied her. The government — or rather, the governors — of Venice, changed every sixteen months, and there was consequently a continual change of posts even among the humbler servants of the State, the residents and small officials in the outlying cities of *terra firma* being sent from one place to another with what we should call each change of ministry. It was a sort of gipsy trade, Madame Goldoni said, through her tears, to roam thus from place to place, a year here and a year there, when the young man might be established in an honorable profession in Venice, among all his friends, and thus become the support and the consolation of her declining years. "At our arrival in Venice, all our relations and friends joined in the same project. I resisted as

long as I could, but at last was obliged to yield. Was I well inspired in doing so?" he asks himself. "Should my mother long enjoy the company of her son? There seemed every hope that it might be so; but my constellation has constantly thwarted all my projects. Thalia awaited me in her temple, drawing me thither by tortuous paths, and forcing me to make trial of thorns and bitterness before she accorded me an occasional flower." Before becoming an advocate—or, as we should say, being called to the bar—in Venice, however, it was necessary to have taken the degree of doctor of laws in the University of Padua (whither Portia sent to old Bellario, the reader will recollect, for her authorities). This degree was granted to townsmen after five years' study in the university, and to strangers only if they could pass a satisfactory examination, "sustain their thesis," and give proofs of sufficient learning. To this privilege of a stranger Goldoni, born in Venice, had little right; but his family were originally from Modena, and a recommendation from the duke settled this little difference. He set out, accordingly, for Padua, and placed himself in the hands of a certain "good advocate and excellent master of laws" called Radi, but was not perfectly successful in a private and informal examination which he had to undergo unexpectedly, and looked forward with some alarm to the day of public trial. The subjects were the civil laws concerning intestates, and the canonical regulations affecting bigamy. The young man worked hard till the hour of supper, and, having done all he could, resolved, with a trembling spirit, to give himself the advantage of a good night's rest before his examination, that his mind might be as clear as possible. Radi was almost as nervous, but, alas! was no more prudent than his friend; and besides, was *appassionata per il giuoco*, and no safe companion for a sufficiently hot-headed youth. This is how their united wisdom prepared for the next morning's work—with the triumphant conclusion which they had so little deserved:—

My friend and I were sitting down to supper when five young men came into the room and asked leave to sup with us. Most willingly! Supper was served; we ate, we talked and laughed, and became excellent friends. One of the five was a candidate like myself. . . . By-and-by I said good-night to my companions, adding that to-morrow was my examination, and I must go to bed betimes. At this there was much jesting and mocking of my punctili-

ousness; our new friends produced cards from their pockets, and one of them laid down some money on the table. Radi was the first to begin the sport: we played, we passed the night playing, and he and I lost all our money. Before we rose from the table arrived the beadle of the college with the gown which I had to appear in. The bells of the university began to sound. I had to proceed there at once and make my appearance without having closed an eye all night, and with the sense of having lost both time and money. What mattered? Courage! On we went; my *promotore* met me at the door, took me by the hand and placed me beside himself in a gallery in front of a semicircle filled with a numerous assembly. I rose when all had taken their places, and began by repeating the ordinary forms, and proposed the two theses which I had to support. One of the deputies in the argument fired off upon me a *sillogismo in barbara*, with quotations from the text of the major and minor. In my reply, quoting a paragraph, I made the mistake of changing No. 5 into No. 7. My supporter warned me in an undertone of the slight mistake, and I corrected myself; upon which uprose Signor Arrighi (the previous examiner), and loudly directing his speech to Signor Pighi [the *promotore* of Goldoni], "Signor, I protest that I will not suffer the slightest infringement of the laws according to the new rule. All prompting of the candidate is prohibited. For this time I shall say no more—the warning is enough."

I well recollect that I was extremely irritated by this interruption. I seized then the favorable moment, took up again the subject of my theme, sustained according to the scholastic method the doctrine and reasoning, the discussion of the authorities and the interpreters. I made a dissertation as far as the material would extend upon the succession of intestates: when the applause showed me that my heat was pardoned, I turned from civil law to canonical, discussed the article of bigamy, and treated it as I had treated the former. I ran over the laws of the Greeks and Romans, and did not fail to quote the councils of the Church. This kind of argument was delightful to me. I knew the points by heart, and gained myself immortal honor. The votes were collected, and the chancellor announced the result. I had passed *nemine penitus penitusque discrepante*. There was not a single vote against me, not even that of Signor Arrighi, who was perfectly satisfied. My supporter, after having crowned me with the laurel, pronounced a eulogy upon the candidate. . . . As soon as I was approved, all came in, and I was nearly stupefied with compliments and embraces. Radi and I then returned to our inn with great satisfaction that the matter had ended so well, but were perplexed by the loss of our money. We got a supply, however, without much difficulty, and set out gloriously and full of triumph for Venice.

The day of his reception as advocate

was accompanied by ceremonies still more remarkable. The laws of Venice required that the new advocate should present himself at the foot of the Giant's Stairs — well-known and tragical scene of so many ascents and downfalls — and standing between two older members of the profession, expose himself for an hour and a half to the remarks of the lively Venetian rabble — a curious relic of the old fashion of flattering that so-called sovereign people by which its autocrats held it in absolute subjection. The neophyte was in his full robes — the gown and "immense wig" — and during the time of the trial made so many bows and contortions that his back was nearly broken, and his wig became like a lion's mane. "Every one who passed gave his opinion of me freely. Some said, Here is a youth of good dispositions; others, Here is a new sweeper of the palace. Some embraced me, some laughed in my face." Amid all the more serious recollections of that scene — the noble stairs by which the doges mounted in all the pomp of their investiture, which old Foscari descended with his dead son, and where the blood of Marino Faliero dyed the marble steps, — here is an association less tragic. To see young Goldoni, with that twinkle in his eyes, making unconscious notes for future use, bowing till his wig was all topsy-turvy, to the laughing, malicious crowd in lively eighteenth-century mockery and light hearted cynicism, furnishes us with a gayer recollection. When this ordeal was over, Goldoni was taken up the Giant's Stairs into the hall of the Great Council, where he seated himself upon a bench, and "saw everything going on without seeing anything." While he sat thus dreaming and building castles in the air, he had a curious encounter with a sort of enchantress tempting him with promises of clients, to whom he replied as a good young man always ought to reply to Circe, refusing all her offers, — a curious scene, which looks more like one of the fantasies of a dreamer than a real adventure. Behold him now, however, called to the bar, and in a more dignified position if not more hopeful circumstances than had hitherto been his. He began, as is usual to the briefless, with good hopes, promised on all hands clients who never came, dancing attendance at the courts to listen to the harangues of the masters in the art, and gazing round him "to see whether my physiognomy awakened the sympathy of any litigants," — a somewhat forlorn oc-

cupation. In six months he had defended one cause and gained it, but his "constellation" was once more against him. This time it was the failure of a marriage — which had advanced as far as the settlements and was on the very eve of celebration — which drove him from Venice. The lady's fortune turned out much less satisfactory than was supposed, his own affairs were in disorder, and he had no means of maintaining a wife if the wife herself did not contribute largely to the expenses of the household. Such a catastrophe is not heroic, but it appeared to Goldoni inevitable; and notwithstanding that he had just made his first appearance in the courts with distinction, he saw no other outlet but to relinquish his hopes and prospects, and turn his back once more upon Venice. This time he carried with him his first dramatic work, a tragedy called "Amalassunta," upon which he hoped to lay anew the foundations of his fortune. After various adventures Goldoni reached Milan, where at last he found an opportunity of reading his work to an assembly of actors and connoisseurs. This was in the house of the manager, whose wife was the first dancer of the ballet, and the whole company was collected, as it proved with little reverence for the young author and his play, to listen to it. Caffariello, the first comedian, had already made acquaintance with Goldoni in Venice. Count Prato, one of the directors of the theatre, a man very learned in dramatic art, was also present.

I was placed at the table with lights, and all took their places. I pulled myself together for the reading, and announced the title of *Amalassunta*. Caffariello immediately sang the word, drawing it out and making it ridiculous, to the amusement of all. I, however, was not amused, and the mistress of the house interfered to silence the nightingale. I then read the names of the characters, which were all new, and all at once I heard close by me a small voice which came from the mouth of an old man who sang in the chorus, and shrieked like a cat. "Too many, too many, — there are two persons too many." I saw well that the circumstances were unfavorable to me, and wished to give up my reading, but Signor Prato silenced the insolent, who had none of the merit of Caffariello, and turning to me, said: "Signor, it is true that in a drama there are seldom more than six or seven personages. When, however, the work is worthy, we are glad to find two actors more than we calculated upon. Have, therefore," he added, "the goodness to proceed with the reading." I then resumed the book. Act first, scene first, *Clo-desilo and Arpagone*. Here Signor Caffariello asked me what was the name of the first char-

acter. "Signor," I said, "it is Clodesilo." "How!" he cried; "you open the scene with the first actor, and make him appear at the moment in which the people are coming in, finding their seats and making a noise! *Per Bacco!* I shall certainly not be your first gentleman." (*Che pazienza!*) Signor Prato again interposed. "Let us see if the scene is interesting," he said. I then read the first scene, and while I repeated my lines, a vile fellow drew from his pocket a case of music, and hummed over an air of his part. The mistress of the house then made a hundred excuses, and Signor Prato, taking me by the hand, took me into a little dressing-room at a distance from the *sala*. Here he made me sit down, took a seat himself, condoled with me on the evil conduct of such a company of fools, and begged me to read my play to him alone, that he might have an opportunity of judging, and might tell me honestly his opinion. I was greatly pleased with this act of kindness, thanked him, and recommenced reading from the first line to the last, without sparing him a comma. He listened attentively and with patience, and when it was concluded this was the result:—

"It appears to me," he said, "that you have studied not badly the poetics of Aristotle and of Horace, and have written your composition according to the true principles of tragedy. Don't you know, then, that the drama set to music must be an imperfect work, subject to rules and customs which are, no doubt, very irrational, yet must be strictly followed? Had you been in France you might have given your chief attention to satisfying the public, but here you must first please the actors, the composer, and even the painter of the decorations: everything has its rule, and it is high treason to the drama to disregard it. Listen," he added; "let me point out to you some of those rules which are immutable, but which you are ignorant of. Each of the three principal persons of the drama should sing five airs,—two in the first act, two in the second, and one in the third. The second actor and the second soprano can only have three, and the least important of all must content themselves with one, or two at the most. The author of the words must submit all the differences of tone which form the *chiaroscuro* of music to the composer, and take great care that two pathetic airs do not come together. . . . Above all, he must take care not to give any airs of a touching character, or of much movement, or bravura, or rondo, to the least important actors." Signor Prato would have said more. "Enough," I said, "oh, Signor! don't take the trouble to continue."

Poor Goldoni, mortified and humiliated beyond measure, retired without a word from this sudden destruction of all his hopes. When he got home, chilled with disappointment and vexation, he refused to sup, but ordered a fire to warm himself. He had his poor "*Amalassunta*"

still in his hand. Mournfully he read over again some of the cherished lines which he had resolved never to cut down or modify, notwithstanding previous criticisms. He still found them full of poetry and grace, and burst out into vituperation of the system which condemned them. "Cursed rules!" he cried; "the devil fly away with the theatre, and all its actors and actresses, music-masters, decorators!—and thou, too, my unfortunate composition, which cost me so much trouble and deluded me with so many hopes, let the flames devour thee also!" exclaimed the unlucky author, throwing his play into the fire. He watched it burn almost with pleasure. All was over. His excitement needed an outlet somehow; and when he had made this sacrifice, a rueful sort of satisfaction succeeded to the previous tumult of his mind. By-and-by, calming down altogether, it occurred to him that it would be a pity to sacrifice his supper as well as his tragedy; and he made a hearty meal in the quiet which succeeded this storm, and slept as usual—waking, nevertheless, very early in the morning, the recollection of all that had happened planting thorns in his pillow. However, the disappointment turned to his advantage in the end. He went next morning to the Venetian resident, with whom he had some acquaintance, and told him the whole story, which amused his Excellency much more than it amused our hero, and the result was that this disappointment was consoled by the post of *gentiluomo di camera*; and he thus again entered the semi-diplomatic life of the little republic—the same career which, to please his mother, he had given up a short time before.

It was not in him, however, to give up the theatre, notwithstanding the disappointments it caused him. The second of these was worse than the first. All things seemed about to brighten for him, when "*Belisario*" was undertaken by a company of players whom he had some share in bringing together. It was announced for a week before its appearance, "to excite the curiosity of the public" (evidently the art of advertising was then in a very elementary state), and to secure a large attendance. The house was full, but "*che detestabile rappresentanza!*" cries the unfortunate author,—the players made a burlesque of his tragedy, while he sat by, sick with disgust and disappointment. "What do you think of your famous '*Belisario*'?" the chief actor, Casali, asked him, laughing, when he saw

him next morning, coolly explaining that this was a practical joke on the part of *i comici* — "what is called, in theatrical slang, an *arrostita*, or in French at *at-trape*." On Goldoni's indignant request to be no more made the victim of this kind of pleasantry, the actor replied by engaging him to modify and alter the play for the commencement of the theatrical season in Venice — a proposal which mended matters.

It is impossible, however, to follow Goldoni's progress from step to step, having thus arrived at the real beginning of his dramatic career. He quarrelled with his minister immediately after these events, and wandering disconsolately homewards to return to his mother at Venice, suddenly encountered at Verona the company to which Casali had attached himself, and was received by them with enthusiasm. The manager, Imer, evidently had the good sense to perceive that to secure an author of so much promise for the special service of his troop would be worth his while. Goldoni had his "Belisario" in his pocket, which he had already read with much applause to a little company of priests in the house of a village curate, and was very ready to read it now to the comedians, who were his best patrons. The manager invited him to dinner, to meet the company; and nothing could be more unlike the discomfiture and mortification of the previous scene than his reception.

The dinner was splendid, and the gaiety of the players delightful. They drank toasts, they sang; they tried every way of pleasing me; in short, they were bent upon securing me, and the whole company were candidates for my favor. When dinner was over we retired to the manager's room, and I read my play. It was listened to with the greatest attention; and at the end the applause was general. Imer, with the air of an emperor, took me by the hand and said, Bravo! I was congratulated on all sides. Casali wept with satisfaction. One of the actors asked me very politely if his comrades might be so fortunate as to have the first representation of my play. Casali rose, and with great distinctness replied, "Sì, signore, Signor Goldoni has done me the honor to write this for me;" and taking up the manuscript from the table, he added, "With the permission of the author, I will go at once and copy it out."

Thus Goldoni was launched upon his theatrical career. He found afterwards that he was already known to these friendly players by some of the *bagatelle teatrali* which he was fond of composing, and which had impressed the sagacious

Imer with a sense of his capacity. Imer himself was anxious to introduce the comic opera, hitherto unknown in northern Italy, as he had himself an excellent voice, and possessed two actresses in the company who were similarly endowed. With our present knowledge of the laborious training of *prime donne*, it is somewhat strange to read that neither these two ladies nor Imer himself knew a single note of music. "They had all taste, a delicate ear, and perfect execution," says Goldoni, "and the public was completely satisfied." This is a remarkable feature in the history of music: we are often told now that such and such a singer sings delightfully without any voice at all, art being everything, nature little or nothing; but this evidently was not the case in Goldoni's day.

Thus we find him at last returning to Venice, free of all diplomatic engagements or ties of business, and free to exercise the trade which had always pleased him best. Nothing could be more delightful to him than his new prospects. He pauses once more in his satisfaction and patriotic pleasure to afford us another glimpse of that beautiful city, always new even to strangers, and which one of her sons, returning after an errant career in other regions less wonderful, may be excused for finding superior to any other scene. Wandering about his native town "enjoying the gracious spectacle, more admirable even by night than by day," his delight and pride flow forth in a description which ought to startle those too superior critics who would banish lights, and leave the canals in darkness. Most cities, Goldoni says, are left dark when evening falls; but the lights of Venice form a decoration at once useful and pleasant.

Independent of this general illumination there is that of the shops, which are all open till ten o'clock, many of them till midnight, and some never close at all. At midnight, in Venice may be seen, as at midday in other places, eatables exposed for sale, all the taverns open, beautiful suppers ready in the inns and boarding-houses. In summer, the Piazza di San Marco and its environs are frequented as well by night as by day. The *cafés* are always full of a merry crowd, both men and women. They sing about the streets, in the piazza, on the canals. The tradespeople sing over their wares, the workmen as they come from their work, the gondolier waiting for his master. The character of the nation is gay, and that of the language liquid and sweet.

Venice in her present more serious

condition, with all the responsibilities of a great city upon her shoulders, is perhaps less gay, sings less, makes a more respectable and wholesome distinction between the night and day—but yet there is sufficient resemblance in the picture to make it recognizable. The cheerful fullness of the great piazza, the active movement in the gay narrow streets, the twinkling tapers of the gondolas gleaming across the water, the air so free of noise yet so full of sound,—what other place in the world is so cheerful at evening time? In other towns, as Goldoni says, “*Si passeggia al bujo*,” but darkness does not exist in the city of the sea. It is still perhaps the only place where the traveller without society or occupation can find as much to amuse him out of doors in the evening as in the day.

It would, however, as we have said, be hopeless to follow Goldoni in all the amusing incidents of his career. He turned his hand to everything with perpetual versatility and readiness to serve his theatre and his employers. Though it had become his aim to reform the Italian theatre, to banish from it the masked harlequins with their improvised buffooneries, he was too sensible to do anything violent, but lent his aid to the *commedie a braccia*, the skeleton plots constructed for these privileged performers when nothing better could be done, and made himself useful in every capacity—cobbling, mending, adapting, with cheerful good will, and securing to himself the good opinion of everybody. One story he tells of his reception by a certain Abbé Vivaldi, a composer, and the patron of the *prima donna* for whom a song had to be written, reads like a scene out of one of his own plays. The abbé received him very coldly, occupying himself with his breviary, and interrupting this sacred occupation by an occasional criticism. “I know you have a great talent for poetry,” he says. “I have seen your ‘*Belisario*’—but this matter is entirely different. One may write a tragedy, an epic poem, whatever you please, without knowing how to make a stanza for music.” At last he consents to give the young dramatist the opera and allow him to try:—

Thus mocking, the *abate* gave me the drama, a pencil, and a piece of paper, took up his breviary, and, pacing about the room, recited his psalms and hymns. I read the scene, made notes of what the composer wished, and in less than a quarter of an hour had put on the paper eight lines of an *aria*, divided in two parts. I

then called the priest, and gave him my composition. Vivaldi read it, frowned over it, read it again, and breaking out into cries of delight, threw down his breviary on the ground, and called Madame Giraud. “Ah!” he cried, “here is a rare fellow, an excellent poet. Read these verses over. They were made in a quarter of an hour.” Then turning to me and exclaiming, “Ah, signore, I ask your pardon!” he embraced me, and protested that he should never have another poet.

On another occasion, Goldoni, always very susceptible, is deceived by the momentary possessor of his affections. The lady is faithless, but does not on that account intend to lose her admirer; and as he shows symptoms of indignation and estrangement, she sends him a tragical letter, requesting to see him once more, for the last time, that she might talk to him of matters which concerned her honor, and even her life. After some hesitation Goldoni went, and found her laid out on a sofa, silent, making no reply to his questions, but from time to time drying her eyes—a moving spectacle. Enraged by her silence, however, he turns to leave her, not alarmed even by the trembling intimation to which she at last gives vent, that he shall soon hear something terrible about her. But when he has reached the door he turns round to say farewell, and sees her with her arm raised, and a dagger in her hand pointed at her breast. Notwithstanding his acquaintance with the ways of *i comici*, Goldoni, frightened, rushed back to this victim of despair, flung himself at her feet, dried her tears, pardoned everything, promised everything, and fully made up the quarrel. He heard, immediately after, that his rival had been entertained with a description of this scene, and that the false and too clever heroine had made a jest of his alarm and devotion with such feelings as may be imagined; but he did not permit these traitors to have the last words. His revenge was as exemplary as it was characteristic. In his next play, which was a version of the story of Don Juan, he made the traitress go through the same scene exactly on the stage, which she had played to his confusion in private. “*Completa vendetta, contro la Passalacqua*,”—he heads the incident, with vindictive delight. He made her use the very same dagger, to complete her humiliation. If this employment of his personal observation for the uses of the theatre was somewhat malignant, it was at least quite justifiable; and it became his constant practice to

give reality to his art by sketches from life. Now it is a well known figure from the piazza—a wandering pedlar, with his familiar cry—whom he transports into the comedy; now an incident from some well-known family *imbroglio*, or ludicrous scene from private life. One play succeeded another with a perpetual activity and energy which are astonishing to hear of. Most of them indeed are now unknown to fame. They supplied the necessities of the moment, and kept the author in perpetual commotion; but they were not all successful, even at the moment; and the dramatist records, with perfect impartiality, his failures as well as his successes.

He was not, however, even now without intervals of other occupation. Going to Genoa with his troop, a happy accident brought him acquainted with the lady who, he says, *formò la delizia della mia vita*—who indemnified him for all the harm done him by women, and reconciled him with the *bel sesso*. He saw her at her window, which was opposite his own, and hastened to make acquaintance with her father, by whom he was introduced in due time to the family, and all went according to his wishes. His wife became his constant companion, always his best friend and most delightful associate. It must be added that Goldoni, notwithstanding various peccadilloes not much thought of in his time, was amiable and kind in all his relationships. He was the tenderest of sons to his mother; the benefactor and support of a brother considerably more vagabond in his tendencies than himself, which is saying much—whose children he adopted finally; and dutiful to all his belongings. How he made all his old uncles and aunts, “who never laughed,” to laugh at his expense, and told them stories and cheered their dim old lives, is one of his favorite anecdotes. “To tell the truth,” he says complacently, after this latter narrative, “I had perhaps more success in talking than even in writing.” When he took his wife home to Venice his mother was “enchanted with her sweetness;” and even his aunt, though not so easily pleased, regarded her with the most friendly eyes. “We were altogether a model family,” he says; “peace reigned in the house, and I was the happiest man in the world.”

This state of perfect felicity, however, was too good to last. His Genoese connections got for him the position of consul in Venice, which brought him a great deal of trouble and little pay; his brother

brought him into difficulties of various kinds, and the bonds of his theatrical connections grew a little loose. His journeys were sometimes unfortunate, and a sort of pause ensued in his career. This led to a curious episode in his life. While wandering about without any special aim, visiting the Tuscan cities, about which he had always been curious, he found himself in Pisa, and having visited most of its lions, was attracted by a glimpse through a doorway of a garden *vastissimo*, in which a great number of people were assembled, seated in the shade of a vine-covered trellis or *pergola*. This was, as he discovered from the doorkeeper, a colony of Arcadians called the *Colonia Altea*. Always curious, and desirous of further acquaintance with the customs of the place in which he found himself, Goldoni asked if he too might be admitted, and was allowed to pass. A place was given him in the circle; and there he sat and listened, “hearing both good and bad, and applauding the one as much as the other.”

All had their eyes on me, and seemed curious to know who I was. There came into my head a wish to satisfy their curiosity. The man who had admitted me was not far off. I called him and begged him to ask of the head of the association whether it might be permitted to a stranger to express in verse the satisfaction which he felt. The head of the academy announced my request aloud, and the whole assembly agreed to it. I had in my head a sonnet, written in my youth on a similar occasion, and hastily changing some words of local signification, I repeated my fourteen lines with such tones and inflections of voice as brought out fully both the rhyme and the sentiment. The sonnet passed for an impromptu, and was received with the highest applause. I do not know if the meeting was over, but all rose and crowded around me. Behold me surrounded with new friendships, and with many acquaintances to choose from. That of Signor Fabri was the most pleasant to me and the most advantageous. All the shepherds of Arcadia gathered round me. I dined with one, supped with another, and as the Pisans are extraordinarily courteous to strangers, they treated me with the greatest attention and consideration. I had declared myself as an advocate of Venice, and had told a portion of my adventures; and seeing that I was without employment, but capable of undertaking it, they proposed to me to resume again the toga which I had given up, promising me clients. . . . In short, they kept me at Pisa by their advice, and I had the good fortune to please them.”

From the wandering dramatist of a troop of strolling players to the respect-

able *avvocato* of Pisa, what a change! but this was not uncommon in Goldoni's strange existence. He lived here three years full of occupation, with more work than he could undertake—but towards the end of that period again began to be restless. And once more, his retreat being discovered, he had renewed applications from his friends among *i comici*, for plays, and worked day and night to fulfil both trades,—working for the courts in the day, for the stage by night. The seclusion which was necessary for this continual toil did not satisfy the Pisans, who, though they were delighted to see him busy, were very reluctant that he should "forget the delicious diversion of poetry." Anon, Signor Fabri appeared on the scene, bringing with him two large packets, each containing a diploma, one admitting Goldoni to the Arcadia of Roma, under the name of Polisseno, the other investing him with the imaginary lands of Tegee; "then all in chorus saluted me by the name of Polisseno Tagejo, and embraced me cordially as their fellow-shepherd and brother. For you will perceive, dear reader," says the neophyte, seeing the fun of it all, "that we Arcadians were rich. We had lands in Greece, which we cultivated with the sweat of our brow, reaping a harvest of bays, if nothing else, making solemn sport with our canzonets and our pastoral titles." This gentle society, with all its affectations, flourished throughout Italy. At Florence Goldoni was present at one of its assemblies, where a poet "sang for a quarter of an hour in the manner of Pindar." The evening entertainments everywhere were more or less colored by the prevailing taste. "Cards were preceded by literary conversations, and each member would recite a little composition, either of his own or a friend's." The Italians were far too quick-witted not to see the ridicule even of their own proceedings; and even in the midst of Arcadia there is always a twinkle in Goldoni's eye. The same sort of solemn sport went on in England in all the pretty coteries, where Miss Seward and her contemporaries laid down the law—but a little later, as the flowery season is always later in the north.

But alas! this fine time—with the chambers full of briefs, the evenings all melodious with those Arcadian warblings, and a play *abbozzato* in haste by night, when all the world, except his faithful wife, was asleep—was once more too fine to last. By-and-by the dramatist's

wandering fancy drew more and more to his old trade, and perhaps his hereditary disinclination to stay too long in one place began to move within him. At all events, towards the end of his third year at Pisa, in 1746, when he was approaching forty, he threw the advocate's robe, the toga which he had twice assumed, behind him, and allied himself with another player company, with whom he set out for Venice. Here, with occasional visits to other cities—Bologna, Pavia, etc.—he spent the next fifteen years of his life, the period of full maturity, producing a countless number of dramatic works for the exigencies of his company, in which there were no "long runs," but which staked its credit on producing a large number of new pieces every season. In one, Goldoni pledged himself to produce sixteen—and he kept his word. He and his players thus held Venice in a state of continual expectation. Now genteel comedy, now broad farce, even occasionally—but this against his will—a variation of the traditional *commedia a braccia*—nothing came amiss to him. Sometimes he adapted old plots, sometimes invented new. He took the characters of his players for the basis of his sketches, and made them the exponents of their own weaknesses, to the admiration, and, it is to be hoped, amendment of the crowd. He was always ready, always busy, with keen observant eyes on the watch for every new development of the humors of humanity, catching follies on the wing, and letting nothing pass him that could be turned to use. Perhaps Venice and the players at the end got a little tired, also, of the dazzling readiness and versatility of an author who was always fit for his work, never scamped anything or refused it, or saved himself exertion. At all events, after this long spell of continuous labor, when the time of his engagement with the company of Medebai was over, Goldoni turned a favorable ear to the invitations addressed to him from France. These proceeded, in the first instance, from Zannucci, who held the post of first gentleman (*primo amoroso*) in the Italian theatre in Paris. Goldoni had always longed to go to Paris; and though his friends shook their heads, his perverse humor carried the day. He set out with his wife and his nephew, professedly for two years, but he never returned to Italy. The brightness, and gaiety, and splendor of Paris, before any shadow of revolution had got into the air—the pleasures of the court and the

favor shown to him — dazzled the pleasure-loving Italian. Paris had cast a spell upon him, he says. He could not prevail upon himself to quit a country which had received him so favorably, and where the life and manners of the people were so entirely to his fancy. It could not be said, however, that the object for which he was called to Paris was in any way accomplished. He lingered on his journey to begin with, asking, with some bravado, how he could possibly have left one of the first cities in France, Lyons, without casting a glance at it. "It will perhaps be said," he continues, "that ten days were more than was necessary to see Lyons. But they were not too many for the dinners and suppers to which I was invited by the rich merchants. Thus Goldoni travelled at his ease, perhaps thinking himself now a sufficiently great man to be indifferent to times and seasons. But when he reached Paris, he found once more, as in his very first beginning, that the old habits of the Italian stage were too strong for his new art of comedy. Some of the actors, indeed, the *amorosi* especially, were eager for written dialogue; but the others, the *buffi*, "who were not accustomed to learn anything by heart, were ambitious of making a brilliant figure without the trouble of studying." The first of Goldoni's works which they attempted to act was a *commedia a braccia*, which, played at Fontainebleau before the court, was a complete failure. He declares that he had never made any account of it, and was not surprised by its non-success. "It had the usual inconvenience of such representations. The actor who improvises must sometimes speak nonsense, and thus spoil an entire scene and ruin a composition." But he could not struggle against fate, or even against the company of players, who would have their way. He attempted, indeed, to lead them into better paths as he had done with his troop in Italy; but such dialogues as they would accept had to be kept within the strictest limits, and Goldoni had the mortification to see his next piece, written expressly for Paris, fall after four representations. "I resolved to go away at once; but how could I leave Paris, which had bewitched me?" he says. He remained, but under another transformation scarcely less curious than that which had made the wandering playwright into a learned *avvocato*. He became Italian master and reader to the poor old princesses, the Graille, Chiffe, and Coche of their father. To Goldoni these poor good

women, undergoing the martyrdom of Louis XV.'s profligate court, were stately princesses, beneficent and gracious, in a paradise of royal splendors and delights. It is clear that this royal court, with its ceremonies and greatness — the courtiers all in velvet and gold — the fine ladies — the divinity, however equivocal, that hedges a king, — transported altogether the pleasure-loving Venetian, who had known only the shabby state of a small republic or principality shorn of all its ancient greatness. To him there were no shadows of coming events upon the path. Paris was all gaiety and happiness — a peaceful city; and the death of Louis XV. was a national calamity in his unenlightened eyes. The king was "the most devout of kings, the most tender of fathers, the most kind of masters" to Goldoni. What desolation in his loss for the family that adored him, and for France which had given him the tender name of the *bien-aimé*! "But dry your tears, O Frenchmen," cries the stranger; "Providence has given him a successor whose virtues will form your happiness. . . . You have always been accustomed to distinguish your kings by some special title, names made immortal by posterity. What honorable name will you select for Louis XVI.? . . . I am too old to know what choice you make, but I anticipate that happiness in my heart by calling him Louis the Wise." Poor doomed Louis! those innocent foolish predictions read now like the cruellest irony.

Space, however, forbids us to linger upon this curiously unenlightened view of a national condition so alarming, and of all the half-developed forces which were sweeping on with ever a larger and stronger current to the most terrible cataclysms of national passion. We must content ourselves now with a brief indication of the last great incident in Goldoni's life — the composition of his play, the "*Burbero Benefico*," which he wrote in French, and adapted to the French stage with the utmost success. This was in 1771, when he had attained the ripe age of sixty-four; and it is not to be wondered at if such a triumph — at once over his careless countrymen and the ill fortune that had attended him hitherto in Paris — filled the old man's bosom with pride and gratification. It was no small proof of his unabated strength and genius that he should have attained such a success with the most polished company of actors and the most critical audience in the world. He was called upon the stage by the enthusiastic

public at the end of the performance, to his great bewilderment—such a compliment being unknown in Italy, and altogether unexpected on his part. The performance was so praised on all hands, that Goldoni, who was no fool, and judged his own productions with great impartiality, almost missed the prick of wholesome criticism. That he might procure this, and also that he might make the acquaintance of the most distinguished personage within his reach, he sought and obtained an interview with Rousseau, then newly returned to Paris. Goldoni found the philosopher on the highest floor of a poor little *hôtel garni*, and was received in a tiny ante-room by a woman, "neither young nor beautiful, nor even polite," whom he took for a servant, and who inquired his name. "Ah," she said, "he expects you. I will let my husband know."

A moment after, entering the room, I saw the renowned author of "Emile" occupied in copying music. Although I had been warned what to expect, I could not refrain from a shiver of indignation. He received me with a frank and friendly manner, rose to meet me, and holding out the sheet in his hand, said, "Look at that!—no one can copy music like me. I don't believe any *role* can come from the press so fine and exact as mine. But come to the fire and warm yourself," he added. It was but a step to the chimney. The fire had need of more wood, and Madame Rousseau herself brought it. I rose up to make room, and offered her a chair. "No, no, don't disturb yourself," said her husband; "my wife has other things to do, occupations of her own." I confess that my heart ached. To see such a man made into a copyist, and his wife the servant, was such a painful sight that I could not conceal my distress and surprise, though I said nothing. Rousseau, however, who observed everything, perceived my trouble, and drew from me, by divers questions, the reason of my silence and bewilderment. "How," he said, "you pity me because of my present occupation! Would it be better in your opinion to write books for people who cannot read, and give occasion for the articles of malignant journalists? You are wrong. I love music passionately, and copy only the best, by which I earn my living and please my fancy at the same time. But you, you yourself," he continued, "what are you doing here? You have come to Paris for no better purpose than to work for the Italian players. They are lazy fellows: they care nothing for your work,—*eh via!* go away, go back to your home. I know that there you are wished for and expected."

"Signor," I answered, interrupting him, "you are right. The carelessness of my players had almost made me give up Paris; but I

have since taken up other views. I have just written a play in French—" "You have written a play in French!" he cried, with an air of great astonishment. "What do you intend to do with it?" "To have it played at the theatre." "What theatre?" "The Français." "And you blame me for wasting my time! It is you who waste yours, and hopelessly." "But my play is already accepted." "Is it possible? But I am not surprised; the players have no common sense. They accept and refuse by caprice. Granted that your play has been received, it will never bear another representation; and it would be worse for you if it did so." "But, signor, how can you judge of a work which you have not seen?" "I know the Italian taste as well as I know the French. They are totally unlike each other; and, with your permission, it is impossible at your age to begin to write in a new language." "Your reflections, oh signor, are very just, I do not deny it; but these difficulties may be got over, it appears. I have submitted my play to many excellent judges, persons of great intelligence, and all seem satisfied." "Ah, you have been flattered; you have been deceived; they have made fun of you. Let me see your work. I am frank, free-spoken, and sincere. I will tell you the truth about it."

The work, however, was then in the hands of the copiers at the Français, and could not be subjected to this alarming critic—and circumstances occurred which prevented Goldoni, as he tells us, from ever sending it. He thought no doubt that, after all, the unanimous French public, in the impartiality of a public audience, was a better judge even than Rousseau.

Goldoni's old age seems to have been spent in tranquillity and comfort in the Paris for which he had taken so great an affection. He lived on the edge of the storm without being in the least affected by it or suspecting what was coming. The Italian company, which was so careless of his efforts, languished out of existence, coming to him at its last gasp for help, when the old dramatist, with characteristic zeal and liberality, immediately wrote six plays for them, three long and three short, for which they paid him honorably—but he supposes that they had not the time to study them, for not one was ever played. Perhaps it was no worse for Goldoni's reputation that it should have been so. He does not seem to have taken either the downfall of his native theatre or the suppression of these productions of his old age at all to heart. His autobiography ends in his eightieth year with amusing details of an old man's tranquil vegetation, with his old wife, still his dearest companion, by his side. When

he could not sleep at night he had an infallible remedy in the shape of a dictionary of the Venetian dialect, which he had all his life intended to compile, but which, according to his past experience, had always sent him to sleep when he attempted to work at it. This uncompleted work he kept by his bedside, and found it, as a remedy against sleeplessness, always invaluable.

Thus the old eighteenth century, so thoughtless, so light-hearted, so free of responsibility for all that was coming — with all its little formalities and vanities, its Arcadian canzonets, its endless diversions, its sense of superiority to all that had gone before, and inaugurations of an improved system in comedies and in grave matters, came tranquilly to an end. It was not to end so easily on the greater stage, of which old Goldoni, dozing over his Venetian dictionary, perceived none of the complications. It was a tragedy and no comedy for which Paris was then preparing. But our playwright had no insight into things so terrible and great.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE adaptability of human nature is wonderful. By the time Mrs. Frere and her daughters had been two months resident in the little Saxon town, they had become quite acclimatized, and Mrs. Frere had acquired a few German words, though she was approaching the period of life when it is even more difficult to assimilate new mental than new material food.

Both Falkenberg and Dr. Sturm were frequent visitors, and already the small society of the place was distracted by an unsuccessful attempt to decide which was the favored wooer of the so-called wealthy English girl — for, in spite of the modesty of their *ménage*, Mrs. Frere shared the usual English reputation of riches.

The Frau Gerichts-Director and Frau Oberst von Ahlefeld had invited them to a couple of rather stiff entertainments, where the elders played cards, and the juniors made music — very excellent instrumental music, though the singing seemed to the English guests shrill and screaming. These diversions were suc-

ceeded by a solemn supper at the Burgoemeister's, consisting of soup, fish, *entrées*, roasts, sweets, cheese. At these parties it always seemed to the onlookers as if Dr. Sturm was Grace Frere's admirer; while, on the whole, Falkenberg was more attentive to Gertrud than to any one else; and Frieda, though never at a loss for gallant cavaliers, had no especial devotee; a state of things which rather surprised Falkenberg's brother officers, by whom Grace was at first credited with a consuming passion for the man whose life she had saved. Extraordinary reports were current as to the dangers from which she had rescued him and exposed herself to in her headlong ride, which was represented as being utterly reckless, instead of being simply a sharp gallop along a good road.

As Grace came gradually to perceive something of this, she instinctively avoided Falkenberg in society, and observed, rather to her surprise, that he seconded these attempts; and however frank, friendly, sympathetic, and agreeable in his frequent visits, was most guarded in his conduct when in public.

One of her greatest pleasures was Frieda's visits, though she was also pleased to welcome Gertrud, who was more agreeable as a guest than a hostess.

Both girls occasionally spent the night with their English relatives when a concert or a party brought them to town, and Count Costello often rode in — being now independent of the farm horses — shared his niece's simple dinner, and told old stories of his campaigning days to a fresh audience.

It was a cold, still night in the first week of December. Mrs. Frere was sitting near the table which held the lamp, endeavoring to master the art of knitting; Grace and Mab were opposite — the latter endeavoring, with her sister's help, to prepare her *Rechnung* (arithmetic lesson), always a supreme effort, for the next day, and grumbling against her teacher all the time. The rules had not been rightly explained to her; she could not understand! How was she to do things when no one showed her how? etc. etc.; Mrs. Frere occasionally throwing in a mild remonstrance, which only increased Mab's irritation.

The room, with its pale grey walls, bright chintz curtains, and well-filled *jardinières*, which Grace contrived to keep green always when the blossoms failed, looked cheerful and attractive with its homelike aspect, as did the occupants. A

certain air of being carefully dressed gave refinement to their very simple toilettes — Mrs. Frere was always in black, and Grace still wore second mourning.

"Do attend, Mab," said Grace; "you could soon do it if you would only think. And if you make haste I will read you some more of that story before you go to bed."

"Well, I cannot think, Grace! everything seems to go round in my head. I only seem —"

The sound of the bell, and Paulina speaking to some one, made her stop and listen eagerly, with parted lips, a picture of curiosity. The clank of a sword followed — a moment's pause, and the door opened to admit Falkenberg, who entered with all the ease of an *habitué*.

After a deep bow and respectful greeting to Mrs. Frere, he drew a chair beside Mab.

"I have good news for you, Miss Grace. There are two degrees of frost to-night; if this continues, with a slight increase, we shall skate the day after tomorrow, and then I shall teach you."

"That will be delightful! Mother, I must buy skates to-morrow."

"Very well, dear."

"And I must have a pair too!" cried Mab.

"Not if you leave your lessons undone," said Grace.

"Bewahre!" exclaimed Falkenberg; "you must do your work, my dear, dear little Mab! Shall I help you?"

"Oh, yes, thou dear Wolff!"

Whereupon Falkenberg drew the much-smear'd slate to him, and set to work explaining everything in German, which Mab seemed to understand, to her mother's intense admiration. And Mab, perched on the arm of his chair, resting one elbow on his shoulder, became suddenly content, alert, attentive. In half an hour the lessons were accomplished, including a few verses which Falkenberg insisted on his pupil repeating in the most dramatic fashion.

"How very good of you, Monsieur de Falkenberg, to take so much trouble! Mab ought to be very grateful!" exclaimed Mrs. Frere.

"And so ought I," said Grace, smiling. "I do not know when Mab would have finished with me."

"That is wrong. But, madame, I love children; it seems quite natural to do everything for them."

"It shows a good heart to be kind to children and animals," said Mrs. Frere.

"I am not so sure," returned Grace, with a quick upward glance at Falkenberg. "Some of the monsters of the French Revolution were very fond of animals."

"Mademoiselle loves animals and children also?" said Falkenberg quietly.

"Yes, you are a dear!" exclaimed Mab, smoothing his cheek with a hand somewhat begrimed from frequent rubbing on the slate. "You are nicer than Mr. Darnell, and far cleverer. I don't think he could do *Rechnung*."

"Who was Mr. Darnell?" asked Falkenberg indolently, leaning back in his chair, while Mab put her books together.

"Oh, a gentleman in London. He had such lovely horses, and a great, high carriage; I had a drive in it once. He had very red hair, too; but he was very kind, and," lowering her voice, "I don't know why he went away, but I believe it was because Grace would not marry him."

This revelation absolutely paralyzed mother and daughter; both thought they had effectually concealed this tragical history from the keen perception of Mab.

"Poor Mr. Darnell!" said Falkenberg, laughing, and enjoying their confusion. "Was he very broken-hearted? But need I ask? — of course he was."

"I don't know; he never came again," said Mab gravely.

"Your path, no doubt has been strewn with victims — an evidence in support of your theory that the love of animals is no indication of a kind heart. I remember you used to caress the horses at Dalbersdorf, till one wished to be a quadruped."

This was said rapidly in German to Grace, with an expressive glance, unseen by Mrs. Frere.

"I do not know that I have a good heart," returned Grace in English, trying hard not to blush, and feeling vexed that Falkenberg's eyes should have such power; "a really good, true heart is rare, I imagine."

"Grace is disagreeable sometimes," said Mab, with an air of justice and discrimination; "but she is not regularly ill-natured."

"You are very ungrateful, Mab," said Mrs. Frere seriously. "I am sure Grace does everything for you."

"Well, I am going to be ill-natured now," added Grace, "and take you to bed."

"I shall not go! You promised to read to me, and now you break your word; that is very bad, is it not, Wolff?"

"But you have had Herr Hauptmann to help you with your lessons; is not that pleasure enough for one evening?"

"But Grace, do—do read just one little bit!"

"I will read to you, my dear, dear Mab," said Falkenberg, drawing the child to him in his caressing way; "you shall give me my reading-lesson to-night."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Mab. "Where is the book?"

"Here," returned Grace, putting "The Stokesley Secret" into Falkenberg's hand. "Let me see which you like best, Miss Young or Scott." (They had been reading "Quentin Durward.")

So Falkenberg began with much seriousness; and Grace, fetching her work, listened, greatly amused by Mab's corrections and the explanations demanded by her pupil.

"It is half past eight!" said Mrs. Frere, at last. "Mab, you must really go to bed."

"Yes," said Falkenberg, closing the book. "Die liebe Mutter says so, and you must."

After some refusals and writhings, Mab consented, saying,—

"You will come and read to me again?"

"Oh, Mab! you must not trouble Monsieur de Falkenberg."

"It is no trouble, madame, and the story is most interesting. I am quite anxious to know if they succeeded in buying the pig. Good night, thou sweetest little friend."

When Grace returned from putting Mabel to bed, she found her mother describing the genius and beauty of Randal to her guest, who was listening with polite attention.

"The schools are so early here," said Grace, to change the subject, as she drew forth her work—an apron of the German pattern for her little sister, "that we must send Mab to bed in good time, or she would get no rest."

"Eight o'clock is not so early," returned Falkenberg.

"In winter it is—too early. Our schools never begin till nine."

"Then you never work hard in England," said Falkenberg, smiling. "You are rich and lazy."

"We must have worked at some time, or we should not be what we are."

"Circumstances have favored you so much, mademoiselle. I used to know some Englishmen in Dresden before the war—I was in another regiment then—and they only amused themselves, except

one, and he certainly worked immensely; but he amused himself too. Ach! what energy he had under a quiet, almost sleepy, exterior!"

"And what has become of him?"

"He went to Spain, I think. He wrote to me also from South America; but that is nearly two years ago. Yes; Moritz was what you call a fine fellow: we were dear friends. I wish he had been in our army."

"That would not do for an Englishman," said Mrs. Frere.

"And he was very English; though I remember his telling me he was half Irish—partly your compatriot, madame."

They were speaking French for Mrs. Frere's benefit, though Falkenberg often lapsed into German when addressing Grace.

"Indeed!" cried Grace, with interest; "yet Moritz—you called him Moritz?—is not an Irish name."

"That is my fashion of calling him. His name is Maurice—Maurice Belfor."

"Maurice Belfor!" repeated Grace. "That sounds familiar. How do you spell the name?—the second name, I mean."

"B-a-l," said Falkenberg, after a moment's thought, "f-o-u-r."

Grace dropped her work and clasped her hands together, her face lighting up with a look of surprise and pleasure.

"He must be the Maurice Balfour we know," she exclaimed. "What is his profession—calling?"

"He is an engineer."

"It is our friend, then," said Mrs. Frere. "We have lost sight of him for some time, but we have known him almost all his life."

"And how delighted I should be to see him again!" cried Grace, her eyes dilating and growing moist as she gazed far away into the soft distance of bygone happy years, when life was one long holiday, till she forgot Zittau and Falkenberg, and once again saw her old home.

"Is Balfour then so dear?" asked Falkenberg, after watching her for a moment in silence. "You forget everything to think of him."

"I am thinking of much besides Maurice Balfour," returned Grace, rousing herself, yet still speaking a little out of her thoughts. "And what was he like when you knew him?"

"Is it long since you have seen him?" was the counter question.

"Nearly five years. His grandfather was the rector, our clergyman, you know."

"Yes, he has told me the grandfather was a pastor."

"I never expected poor Maurice to do much!" said Mrs. Frere. "He was so shy, and Randal thought him rather dull."

"Far from being dull; I thought him much above the other young Englishmen I have met—I mean in intelligence. He was rather good-looking, not tall—at least, not so tall as I am."

"No? Then he was not drilled like you, Monsieur de Falkenberg; that makes a difference. Where did you say he was?"

"In South America. He was engaged on a railway there, but he talked of returning to Europe and paying me a visit."

"I wish he would come while we are here."

"It is curious that you should have known him," added Mrs. Frere, and the subject dropped.

Falkenberg was somewhat absent for a few minutes, and then, rousing himself, asked Grace if she would not read part of "Hermann und Dorothea" to him. She obeyed very readily, but now and then broke off to ask questions about Maurice, till Falkenberg shut up the book with some impatience.

"The next time I come to give you a lesson, mademoiselle," he said, smiling, "I will not mention my friend Balfour till it is over."

"I am very naughty," returned Grace, looking penitently up into his eyes, "and you are really too good; but if you only knew how charming it is to hear of my old friend."

"Was he then your *rêve de quinze ans*?"

"Oh, I never dreamed about him! He was too matter-of-fact even to suggest dreams."

"Nevertheless," said Falkenberg, rising to take leave, "should he come here, you will have no eyes for any one else."

"No," returned Grace, with a little nod and a smile full of mischief; "not for some time!"

"Good! I shall ask three weeks' leave when he comes," said Falkenberg, laughing; and taking her hand as he bid her good-night, he pressed it hard, apparently unconscious that he did so.

"If it is good ice, then, the day after to-morrow, Mrs. Frere, you will come down to the Weinau Teich. But I shall see you in the morning; perhaps Miss Grace will have a skating lesson early if I can get away. Adieu, mademoiselle; do not dream of our friend!"

"Indeed, I hope I shall!" cried Grace. "It is delightful to revisit the past—in good company."

"Is it possible," said Falkenberg, in a low voice, in German, "that you are a coquette?"

"Why should it be impossible?" asked Grace; "but no! I do not think I am."

"Adieu, madame! Sleep well, mademoiselle!" said Falkenberg, as he bowed himself out.

The next day's post brought letters from Randal and Jimmy Byrne. The latter wrote shortly, and said little of his charge. Randal, after enlarging on the enormous success which had attended his small contribution to the *Weekly Visitor*, went on to say that it was quite amazing how quickly money went in London. "Having received so much hospitality from our fellows," he continued, "while staying with you, I feel bound, now that I am living *en garçon*, to return it; and as Jimmy (this is quite *entre nous*) seemed somewhat put out at the idea of our having supper in his room, I thought it better to invite my friends to sup at the Park Hotel—a very good place and not expensive. It was, I think, a little disobliging of Jimmy, for of course I pay my share of the rooms, and I should have invited him to the supper. The affair was a great success, and Egerton (a very nice fellow, who has lately come into the office) said it was the pleasantest party he had been at for a long time. He and I have become great chums. He is quite a man of fashion; only, I am puzzled why a man like him chooses to sit at a desk—at all events, he writes a worse hand than I did. Now as I have told you this, you will not be surprised to hear that I am a little behindhand in my payments to Jimmy—two months, in short—and I don't like to let it run any longer; so if you could spare me ten pounds it would put me all square, and I would keep right till after Christmas, when I hope 'my wages will be riz,' as Egerton says—you can't think what a contempt he seems to have for the shop!"

"I dare say Grace will blow up about this, for she has the biggest share of the Frere blood; but don't you mind: send me the money, or write to the Dungan agent to forward it, like a darling mother as you are, and gratify

"Your loving son,

"RANDAL FRERE."

"It is too bad!" cried Grace, when she

finished reading this letter over her mother's shoulder. "Such thoughtless extravagance! I hope you will not send him the money, mother; send it to Jimmy direct. Jimmy is evidently trying to restrain him. And as to his paying his share—it is but a small one. Where else, save with such a friend, would he find food and lodgings for twenty shillings a week?"

"True, my love. To be sure, he pays for his dinner in the City every day besides."

"Even so, it is shameful of him to be in arrears. And as to that ridiculous supper—it is worse than wrong to incur such uncalled-for expense. Indeed, dear mother, you must write to him very sharply."

"Yes, Grace, it was no doubt very wrong; but after all, it is not so easy for us to judge what are the temptations of a young man. It may be very hard for him to —"

"Oh, mother, he knows quite well what is right, and that he has no business to waste your money in that senseless way. Just send the money to Jimmy."

"No doubt it would be the best plan, but I fear Randal would be terribly wounded by such want of confidence; don't you think so yourself?"

"Perhaps it would be rather harsh," returned Grace reflectively; it cut her to the heart to be unkind even in thought to Randal. "Suppose we send him the money, but say that you write to apologize to Jimmy. And what a cruel pull it will be, when I have tried so hard to save the few pounds that are left of Uncle Frere's gift! Now it will nearly all go."

"It is very trying," agreed Mrs. Frere, who burned nevertheless to send the money to her darling boy by return of post. "Still it must be allowed that a boy battling with the world has more temptations than we women who stay at home."

"I know that, mother; but I know that it is very hard even here to keep within the narrow limit of our means. And whatever happens, we must never get into debt here. To ask help again would be too shameful; and though the people are very kind, they are awful gossips. I should die of mortification if they could say anything against us. It sometimes frightens me to think how many people we know here; there is a certain safety in the obscurity of a huge town like London."

This letter caused much uneasiness to Grace; with the possibility of a constant drain in Randal, whose childish folly seemed so hopeless and unfavorable, they never could reckon on anything, or look forward to any comfort in the future, for she well knew that not only her mother, but she herself also, could not refuse to help him out of scrapes, even until seventy times seven.

The season of skating and sleighing is perhaps the most agreeable to Germans. The cold, instead of further stiffening their somewhat stiff society, seems to develop an internal warmth, which gives a tinge more of freedom to their manners; and young ladies usually kept within narrow bounds are permitted a certain amount of liberty in the matter of winter amusement.

To Grace, the acquirement of this new accomplishment was very delightful, both in its progress and result. Light, active, and fearless, she learnt quickly, and practised indefatigably. Falkenberg's patience, too, as an instructor was inexhaustible.

But his mornings were seldom free; Grace, therefore, often persuaded the doctor's daughter to accompany her to a small pond or *Teich* in the florist's garden, where they could enjoy a private practice, by which both young ladies profited largely. Grace held a high place in Dr. Niedner's estimation ever since she broke in upon him in so startling a manner on the occasion of Falkenberg's accident; and he, his wife, and daughter, never could get over their belief in her utter devotion to him.

In the afternoons Mrs. Frere often accompanied her daughters to the Weinau Teich, which was at some little distance from the town, and walked to and fro with one or two ladies whose French was fluent, while the girls performed on the ice. Need it be said that Mab was enthusiastic and successful in pursuit of this new pleasure?

It was about a week before Christmas, and all Zittau, rich and poor, were in a state of breathless preparation for the greatest German festival. Moreover every one was in a hurry, as is always the case; when every creature provides a present for every one with whom he or she is in the most remote way connected by family, friendship, or business, and generally by the work of their own hands, the wonder is that any one is ever ready in time. Indeed, with months of prepara-

tion there is in nearly all families a scramble at the last, especially as each gift is to be a matter of surprise to the recipient, and must be worked at in odd corners and inconvenient times — out of sight.

Grace grew quite impatient at the constant refusal of Fräulein Niedner, of Frau this and Baronin the other, to go with her to the ice. "Ach Gott, liebe Miss Frere! it is not possible. I have still some Christmas work not quite done;" or, "To-day, Miss Grace! no — no! the good father's cigar-case, or slippers, or watch-stand, is still many hours short of being finished. I cannot leave the house."

Themselves strangers, Grace and Mrs. Frere had less to do than their neighbors. A few gifts for their Dalbersdorf relatives and Mab's playfellow, Cecilia Sturm, were all their care. So as Christmas drew nearer, they had the *Teich* or mere very much to themselves. It was a new delight to fly across the ice, her hands firmly held by Falkenberg, who, as in most other exercises, excelled in skating; bending from side to side, her blood warmed by the rapid motion, her spirits exhilarated by the dry, keen air so clear and still; conscious too that her fur cap and thick fur-trimmed jacket were most becoming — her bright color, beaming eyes, and ready tongue attracting only too much notice.

It rather annoyed her to observe that not many of the other officers and gentlemen, who, unencumbered with Christmas cares, frequented the ice, attempted to skate with her, or interfere with the sort of proprietorship which Falkenberg exercised, not certainly in any lover-like way, for they constantly argued and quarrelled, and he seemed always on the *qui vive* not to show her too much subservience, carefully measuring his attentions by the amount of notice she vouchsafed him, and ever ready to find fault.

"Are you not tired of always skating with me?" she asked one afternoon, as they paused after a rapid flight (it was little less) round the mere.

"Well, no!" returned Falkenberg, looking at her gravely. "You see, you are my pupil. I am proud of our progress, and I fear your falling into less skillful hands than my own."

"And do you think I do pretty well?"

"Marvellously! — though I do not like to praise you. You think so very much of yourself, Miss Grace."

"I do not think I do," she returned with perfect, frank good-humor. I should

not be so eager for praise if I was — and I am too fond of it. You are far more conceited than I am, Herr Baron."

"Not so. I only try to believe my own merits, because no one praises me."

"I am sure my mother thinks you perfect."

"Madame your mother is a most charming and discriminating lady."

"Still I do not think I can skate as well as you say; or some one else would wish to skate with me."

"Ah, I see! You are tired of skating with me."

"No! but variety is charming!"

"My Fräulein! I have the honor to leave you," — a profound bow.

"Stay, stay, Herr von Falkenberg! I have no one to go on with. Well, go. I shall ask the Herr Oberst myself! and show you how I can skate alone." So saying, she glided away to where Falkenberg's colonel, a stout jolly veteran with daughters older than herself, stood talking with Mrs. Frere.

"Wenn ich bitten darf! may I venture to ask for your escort, Herr Oberst?"

"Ach Gott! with the greatest pleasure, my Fräulein; allow me to put on my skates."

In a few minutes he was by her side; certainly a less accomplished cavalier than Falkenberg, but wonderfully efficient, considering his weight and age.

Seeing the redoubtable baron engaged with one of the colonel's daughters, several of his brother officers asked permission to take tours with Miss Frere; and she, delighted to have emancipated herself from Falkenberg, bestowed her brightest smiles and best German on her new partners.

At length, after Mrs. Frere had twice mentioned that it was time to return home, Grace descried Dr. Sturm standing on the bank with his skates in his hand. She directed her course to him, and greeted him with much pleasure.

"How is it that we see you so seldom, Herr Doctor?"

"My time is not my own, dear lady; and when I am free, it is already too dark. To-day I have a note for you enclosed in one from my brother. I called at your house, and found you were on the ice."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Grace, extending her hand for the billet. "It is from Frieda, and in German," she added; "you must help me, Dr. Sturm."

He drew near, and with his assistance Grace deciphered the missive. She found it requested hospitality for Gertrud and

Frieda, who were coming to Zittau early the following day, in order to shop and attend a "coffee-party" at the Frau Oberst's, to which their mother would not accompany them; but would send the carriage to fetch the young ladies about nine or ten.

"A messenger will call for your answer in about two hours," said the doctor, when they had deciphered the note.

"Then come round to my mother, and I will show her the note. Of course we shall be delighted to put them up."

Mrs. Frere, always glad to exercise hospitality, proposed having a very early dinner, that the young ladies might enjoy some skating.

"And can you not manage to skate with us?" asked Grace.

"And come to supper?" added Mrs. Frere.

Herr Doctor would like to do both, but could only manage supper.

"In the mean time, put on your skates and take a turn with me now," said Grace, who had dismissed her last attendant (the fascinating Von Heldreich).

The doctor was again complaisant, and they were soon in deep, animated conversation, passing Falkenberg, who was standing on the bank with the colonel and his daughters, once without noticing him, once with a smile and nod, positively insulting in its gay indifference.

"Ah! the pretty English girl is slightly coquette," said the colonel, looking after her admiringly.

"She is *wunderschön*," remarked one of his daughters; "but Hélène von Chersky, who knows many foreigners in Dresden, says they are all terribly bold—quite shameless."

"Mees Frere is not exactly coquette," returned Falkenberg, who had taken off his skates and was in readiness to attend the colonel's party off the ground; "at least I have not found it out: but she is very different from a German *Fräulein*."

"She is a sweet maiden, nevertheless," returned the colonel (old men were always greatly attracted by Grace); "I do not dislike her frankness."

"The papa is ever indulgent to beauty," said his daughter, laughing, and they went away together towards the town.

Grace, without seeming to notice it, perceived that, for the first time since the skating commenced, Falkenberg had deserted her, and she felt a sudden thrill of resentment and mortification. It is always vexatious to have a morsel of

property you have grown to consider your own taken from you; yet the next moment she laughed at her own folly, and walked home with her mother and Dr. Sturm, talking and smiling as gaily as if no Falkenberg were in the world.

The next morning was delightfully busy. Grace, anxious to show her own and her mother's housewifely accomplishments to the best advantage, worked eagerly to set everything in order; and Paulina required a great deal of help and supervision. Then Paulina must be tidy, arrayed in a fresh, white *Schürzen* (apron), her hair dressed, (a tremendous undertaking) by half past twelve.

With the best will in the world, Grace found it impossible to manage all this without the help of the Hausfrau—a most important functionary in a German house. She is a sort of perpetual charwoman on the premises. It is her right and duty to sweep and keep the common stair clean, to carry down the coal and wood to the cellar, after the coal has been tumbled in a heap on the street, and to take out and put in the double windows in their season, for which services she receives a stipulated tax from the dwellers within the threshold. Sometimes she is the dear friend of the *Dienstmädchen*, and then meat, bread, coffee, coals, and sugar pay somewhat heavy toll, especially in a stranger's establishment. German housewives are not so confiding. Sometimes she is an object of the *Dienstmädchen's* bitterest hate, and suspected of every possible villany; she is, according to the maiden's report, a thief, a liar, an evil tongue, a deadly temper, capable of waylaying departing guests at the house door, and intercepting the flow of *groschen* which ought to find its way into the maiden's own pocket. But no matter how appalling the character of the Hausfrau, the most consistent and virtuous maidens never hesitate to leave her in possession of the kitchen, with all the chances of appropriating scraps, on those high days and holidays when, arrayed in her best, with a tower of Babel in false plaits, puffs, and curls on her head, and yards of ribbon floating from her hat, the *Mädchen* goes forth to meet her *Schatz*. On Friday they may have stormed at each other on the stair, till you think nothing short of your interference could have saved bloodshed, and on Saturday you will be startled to hear Paulina or Augusta addressing her in honied accents as she is scrubbing the landing; and a few minutes after, you are smilingly as-

sured that if you can permit P. or A. to go out to-morrow early—say at six in the morning—the Hausfrau, who when not in her tempers is a very friendly woman and not stupid, has kindly consented to be *locum tenens*—you, the mistress, of course paying for the friendliness and bearing the possible losses.

Now our Paulina was at deadly feud with the Hausfrau, consequently met her mistress's proposal to have that excellent woman's assistance with an emphatic "Gott bewahr! She (Paulina) would do double work with delight, rather than allow so ugly and dishonest a Frau to disgrace the Herrschaft's kitchen." On which Mrs. Frere retreated on her reserves (Grace), who came gallantly to the front, and insisted on the introduction of an auxiliary force, especially to go of messages, as a note must be despatched to Herr Hauptmann von Falkenberg immediately. "For," thought Grace, "we must not omit to ask him to supper this evening."

In spite of various difficulties and much tacit opposition from Paulina, everything was ready when the Dalbersdorf party arrived. Both Gertrud and Frieda first flew into Grace's arms and then proceeded to embrace Mrs. Frere.

The cousins had not met for nearly a fortnight, so they were almost breathlessly eager to detail the small events that had occurred in the interim.

"Ach Gott!" cried Frieda, "but it is long since we have seen each other. The black horse was lame, and something was wrong with the other, so we have been prisoners."

"And imagine, that stupid old man Hans, the *Nachtwächter*, fell asleep the other night, and some Bohemian thieves from over the border came in and stole three geese—cut the poor things' throats, and carried them away."

"Yes," added Frieda, "Mamsell heard a voice, and got up to look what was the matter; but it was so dark she could not make out anything."

"So she thought it was only a rat had frightened the geese," continued Gertrud; "and in the morning the three were gone, and blood spilt all about; but they took a pair of Hans's boots too, and that punished him. If he were a younger man, I would ask the mother to send him away; but one cannot be hard on an old servant."

"No, certainly not," said Grace, with entire approval.

"And the dear Grossvater told poor old

Hans that they both had borne the burden and heat of the day, and ought to rest now; so he gave him money to buy a new pair of boots," said Frieda.

"Just like my dear uncle!" cried Mrs. Frere.

"Yes, he is very good," returned Gertrud. "But it was scarcely right to reward Hans for his negligence."

"And how is the Graf?" asked Grace. "He has not been in Zittau for an age."

"He has not been so well," said Frieda, "and has stayed indoors till he is melancholy."

"Ach, du lieber Himmel!" exclaimed Gertrud; "we have quantities to do and to buy. I am sadly backward fallen with my Christmas work. At what hour do you dine, dear cousin? I must to the shops at once."

"We will dine at one punctually," said Mrs. Frere. "I thought you would like to skate after —"

"It would be charming!" cried Frieda, "but —"

"It is not possible," interrupted Gertrud. "We have no time. Was Cousin Falkenberg to come with us?"

"I wrote to ask him this morning, but he had already gone out to ride, and his servant did not know when he would return."

"Did he not know?" began Gertrud, when Frieda, who had been turning over the various packages and wraps which Paulina had brought in from the carriage, uttered a shriek of dismay.

"Gott in Himmel! it is lost, it is forgotten!—the parcel with the wool and silk, and my grounding stuff!—all the patterns we were to match! Ach, thou best of Paulinas! quick—quick! run, fly, catch Fritz—stop the carriage!"

"Why, Frieda," cried Grace, "if he was to return at once, Fritz must be half-way to Dalbersdorf by this time."

"Yes, he was to go back; he was wanted in the yard; and is to fetch us at half ten. Oh, thou thoughtless Frieda! all our journey is for nothing."

"Why did you not think of it yourself, Gertrud?" said Frieda petulantly.

Meantime Paulina might be seen flying down the road, holding on her plaits of hair with one hand, and gathering up her dress away from the snow with the other, while Gertrud and Frieda turned over every article of the many which had been taken from the capacious landau, with reckless haste and utter disregard of their equilibrium, while with shrill voices they called heaven and earth to witness their

despair and ruin. In the midst of the confusion enter Mab, *Sack* (satchel) in hand, bright, rosy, and amused.

"You are stupid things!" she said. "Now if I did that!" So saying she proceeded to deposit her *Sack* in a dark corner of the corridor, and lo! it touched something soft. "What is this?" cried Mabel, fishing up a loose, untidy-looking bundle, much tied round with worsted *Garn* (thread).

Shrieks of delight on recognition; loud thanksgiving to the unseen powers.

Tableau — Gertrud holding up the parcel in triumph.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE coffee-party was to be at four, and at three Gertrud and Frieda began to dress, somewhat to the surprise of Grace, whose only experience of such entertainments was in London during her brief period of favor with Lady Elton, and there ladies came in their ordinary afternoon toilettes.

This was a much more serious undertaking. First, a careful *demi-toilette* must be provided; then the hair must be elaborately dressed, for no hat or bonnet can with propriety be worn at a *Kaffee*.

Mrs. Frere had hoped to be saved the trouble of changing her headgear, but both Gertrud and Frieda assured her it was impossible to appear, save in a highly decorative cap.

"But, liebe Cousine! you can put on a head-handkerchief (*Kopftuch*); it is warmer than a bonnet," said Gertrud, as they stood ready to depart.

The colonel's house was just outside the town, and stood in a large garden, duly guarded by a sentinel. Here was gathered all the female rank and fashion of Zittau, for no masculine element is permitted to disturb the exclusiveness of the institution.

The door was opened by a military-looking manservant, and the ladies disrobed in a wide vestibule, a looking-glass against the wall affording means of rectification.

Two handsome rooms, solidly and somewhat gloomily furnished, were thrown open, but the absence of graceful litter, the small elegances indicative of the inhabitants' tastes and occupations, gave them a barren aspect, the usual characteristic of German drawing-rooms. They were already full when Mrs. Frere and her three young ladies entered, and the Frau Oberst came forward with a polite and profound curtsy to receive them.

"Pray, madame, be seated!"

She waved Mrs. Frere to the seat of honor on the sofa, addressing her in French.

"You know the Frau Bürgermeisterin and Frau Gerichtsamtman Reinhardt, and these ladies, but allow me to introduce you to Frau Ober Förster Werner, and the Frau Oberzoll Inspectorin, who have not had the pleasure of meeting you; also Frau Richter, my good friend," etc., etc.

All these ladies rose and curtsied with much respect and formality. Most of them were exceedingly stout, with vast waists, round which they wore chains of silver, or thick silk cords, to hold their fans or hook up their dresses, and had broad, good-natured faces, wonderfully pale and puckered. Preaching and tax-collecting seemed the least flourishing occupations, as their female representatives were long, lean, and bony to an excessive degree. Black silk and embroidered cashmere dresses predominated, with a good deal of fine Saxon lace.

Meantime, while Mrs. Frere was exchanging smiles and compliments with those ladies who spoke French, or possessed a smattering of English, Fräulein Berta and Fräulein Marie von Ahlefeld, the colonel's daughters, took possession of Grace and her cousins.

They were led across the first *salon*, Grace curtsying at nearly every other step, on being presented to "gracious" lady representatives of nearly every branch of civil and military service in Zittau, till they reached the inner room, where all the Fräulein were assembled, and a great clatter of many tongues moved the air. More introductions, curtsies, smiles, and compliments.

Gertrud and Frieda went among the groups, and were soon seated in the neighborhoods most agreeable to them — Fräulein von Ahlefeld finding a place for her English guest close to the curtain which draped the doorway, beside a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of the ideal Saxon type, whom she introduced as her dearest friend, Fräulein Lisabeth Gütker, who spoke English like an angel — a description which called forth many smiling disclaimers and remonstrances. The fair Saxon, however, with the readiness to seize an opportunity of speaking a foreign tongue usual to Germans, addressed Grace in English; and with the help of mistakes and corrections, they were soon at home with each other.

The company being assembled, servants brought in trays laden with cups of

coffee, each crowned with a snowy lump of whipped cream, and great, round, thin cakes, each on a china stand, which just fitted it—deadly sweet, though light and rich, each supplied with a sort of silver perforated knife, like a small fish-slice, wherewith to serve the cake; and besides these, there were silver baskets full of every description of sweet biscuit. From this moment till they left, a succession of cakes, coffee, ice, wafers, mixed sweet biscuit, red and white wine, chocolate, bonbons, goodies of every description, were perpetually being handed round, till Grace felt positively sick with the mere attempt to taste a tithe of the dainties pressed upon her. The conversation meantime hung fire lamentably, and scarce rose above the level of question and answer. Presently a plump damsel, in a green *barège* dress and red bows, sat down by Grace's new acquaintance, who, according to the excellent rule of German good manners, immediately introduced the stranger; but the influence of common topics and interests was too strong—both girls were soon absorbed in chatter so rapid that Grace could only understand an occasional word. As she sat thus somewhat isolated, her ear was caught by the name of Falkenberg, pronounced very distinctly by a strong elderly voice (there are periods for the voice) at the other side of the curtain beside her, and feeling it impossible to change her seat in that crowd of strangers, when there was no vacant place near either Gertrud or Frieda, she was almost compelled to hear the greater part of what followed.

"Ach, meine Liebe! he is quite good and steady now. His debts are paid. All he has to do is to choose a rich wife, and they say that Grafin Schönberg will——" said another speaker.

"Ach, Gott! not so," interrupted the first. "He has paid some portion of his gambling debts; and in consequence of his remarkable conduct in the war, the king pardoned that dreadful affair with the Frau Baronin von Putska, and allowed him to change his regiment."

"It was in truth an unfortunate affair. Her religion, too, was a sad obstacle. Had they been Protestants, Herr von Putska and she might have arranged a divorce, and she might have married Falkenberg; but the Catholics are such bigots."

"Ach! can you believe such a *Geschichte* (history)? Think you Falkenberg would have married a woman without

money, and lose his career? It would have been impossible."

"I suppose so. But, lieber Gott! the woman pays dear for her folly. They say she is in a convent near Warsaw, separated from her children—for Catholics will sacrifice anything to avoid a scandal."

"Ach, Himmel! and he is as much sought as ever—as much with the excellent family at Dalbersdorf."

"But" (a long-drawn *Aber*) "what can a family of that kind know away from the talk of towns? (And, meine Liebe, what fearful gossips the Zittauers are—fearful! too—too dreadful!) They are near kinsfolk too; no one will speak to them. And the eldest, Fräulein Gertrud—they say he will marry her."

"Ach, meine Liebe, by no means. This stranger family, the good Graf's cousins or nieces—there will he find his *Braut* (bride). It is a distinguished family and wealthy, but compelled through political offences to leave their country. So a marriage with a well-born German will be excellent for the Fräulein Tochter."

"No, no, dear lady; a thousand times no. The young Fräulein favors the *Gelehrten*. She is half a man, like these English Mädchen; and they say she has eyes and ears only for Herr Dr. Sturm."

Here a third person evidently added herself to the speakers, and from the confusion of tongues which ensued, Grace could gather nothing distinct. Then, to her relief, Gertrud came across the room to introduce her to some other young lady friends, and she escaped from her corner, the terrible revelations of the unseen speakers still ringing in her ears.

Mrs. Frere, during this time, found herself the object of much interest, not to say curiosity.

"You will find it dull in our little Zittau," said the Frau Bürgermeisterin, as she stirred up the cream into her coffee. "After the splendors of a great city, our simple life must seem too homely."

"By no means, madame. Zittau appears a charming residence to me. I was only a short time in London."

"And madame has only the one charming daughter and the little maiden? My young cousin has the pleasure to go to the same school with her."

"Yes; I have no other daughters, but I have a son in England."

"Indeed! And is he at school?" asked the Frau Gerichts-Director.

"Or in the army?" added Frau Ober Försterin.

"Or is he a learned professor?" pursued Frau Oberzoll Inspectorin.

"Ach, bewahr!" cried Frau Bürgermeisterin, "madame is far too young to have a professor son. What are you thinking of?"

"My boy is not yet twenty," said Mrs. Frere.

"Certainly, gewiss!" cried the Frau Bürgermeisterin. "Then what will you make of him, madame, when he has finished his course?"

"I think he will adopt a literary career. At present he is in a great house of business."

"*Maison de commerce*," repeated the ladies to each other. Then rapidly adding in German, "Impossible!" "Strange!" "It cannot be — a *Kaufmann*!" (literally "a seller" — it may be of bales, boxes, and ships' cargoes; it may be of metres, litres, or kilogrammes). "The son of so elegant a lady — a lady of quite a courtly appearance," etc.

"But, meine Damen," said the Frau Postmeisterin, "a Kaufmann in England is not the same as hege. There they rank according to their wealth — the richest is a duke. The English merchants are like those of Hamburg."

"Ach, du lieber Himmel!" shrieked the Frau Bürgermeisterin, "what matters it? A merchant can never rank with the military, or the *Spitzen-Behörde*, or the *Gutsbesitzer*. I thought Herr Graf Costello was of a great English family. Indeed, he has a princely appearance," she added, with the aristocratic prejudice natural to a lady whose father, from a very humble beginning, had developed into a wealthy *Fabricant*.

"Hush!" whispered the Frau Gerichtsamt-Director. "The lady will wonder what we are speaking of! And how old is mademoiselle your daughter?" she asked politely, addressing Mrs. Frere.

This conversation was of course varied by flying visits from the hostess, whenever the cakes, and coffee, and ices, the *Nusstorte*, and wine were being handed round. "Bitte, bitte, meine Damen!" you eat nothing. I fear there is nothing to tempt you."

But even gossip garnished with sweets cannot last forever; and about six, symptoms of separation began to show themselves.

The Frau Baronin von Heidenreich lived at some distance, and with three very tall, gaunt daughters, was the first to take leave, the young ladies curtsying low and kissing Frau Oberst's hand. Others soon

followed, and Mrs. Frere, availing herself of the movement, approached Frieda and asked if they might leave.

Then Gertrud and Grace had to be disentangled from the room full of *Fräulein*; but at last, much to Grace's relief, all was over, and they were once more in the keen, still air.

"Well, my Gracechen, and what do you think of a *Kaffee-Klatsch*?" asked Frieda, slipping her arm into Grace's.

Grace was not disposed to talk, so she let Frieda run on unchecked while she revolved in her own mind the history she had overheard. Those words, "The woman pays dear for her folly," still sounded in her ears. Her quick fancy sketched a vivid picture of a beautiful woman wearing out the remainder of a ruined life in silence and solitude, having forfeited a mother's right to the presence, the love, the knowledge of her own children! The idea was terrible. Could a woman live under such a ban and keep her senses? Could it be possible that Falkenberg — so bright and pleasant, so almost innocently playful with Mabel, so like a son and a brother in their simple home — had played a guilty part in such a tragedy as this? She had always been dimly conscious of a certain distrust, a vague uneasiness when with him; but of late it had nearly died away. Now —

But probably those horrid old women had exaggerated. How could she find the truth? She could not ask — she could never repeat what she had heard; it was such a horrible story! True, her large experience in novel-reading supplied many parallel cases, but then they were in books; and young readers rarely realize that such things occur now and then in life. Grace felt strangely moved; her heart sank within her. What was Max Frere's fickleness and neglect compared to such faithlessness as Falkenberg's to a woman, who, whatever she might be, had forfeited all for him?

"So you see, my Gracechen, the Bürgermeister is sure to give a ball in January; he always does; and their parties are capital!" Frieda was saying, when Grace, with an effort, forced herself back to every-day topics.

"Yes; I am sure they are charming!" returned Grace mechanically. "And my uncle, will he go?"

"No; he rarely goes out in the evening. But Grace, have you seen Otto Sturm lately?"

"Yes; he was skating with me yesterday, and he sups with us to-night. I wish

you had seen how he brightened up when my mother asked him!"

"Did he know I—I mean we—were coming, thou sweetest one?"

"Yes, of course; that was why we asked him. We scarce ever ask any one."

"Well, your little Paulina has lit up every room! How tempting and home-like the old house looks!" cried Frieda, as they approached under the snow-laden trees.

"I only hope she has done as I desired her about laying the table," said Grace; "between my bad German and my inexperience, I fear I am an indifferent Hausfrau."

The *salon*, with its bright lamp and gay table-covers, its books, photograph-stands, open piano, and Mrs. Frere's work-basket overflowing with many-colored wools, seemed to welcome them cheerily. Mab, too, had donned a pretty, grey summer frock and coaxed Paulina to do her fair hair in two long plaits, after which friendly assistance they quarrelled—I regret to say—over the task of setting the table, as Paulina refused to permit Mabel any share of the work.

"She is an odious, disagreeable thing," said Mab, with her usual candor and decision. "And just you look, Grace, what a muddle she has made of it!—a pile of spoons here, a heap of folks there. No room for the plates, she has put the dishes so near the edge. She knows nothing!"

"It looks rather funny," said Grace, glad to turn her thoughts to domestic matters; "but I am afraid you speak rudely to Paulina, and that makes her cross. Come, you may help Frieda and me."

So saying, she began to array the supper-table in English fashion, Frieda and Mab assisting—all three enjoying their work—while Paulina was free to concentrate her energies on the preparation of *Backhuhn* (fried fowl with mushrooms—a Bohemian dish of decided merit).

When all was ready, they left the double doors open that the warmth of the *salon* might penetrate into the dining-room, thus permitting a pleasant peep of the supper-table, with its snow-white cloth, shining glass and silver, and centre-group of plants.

"Do you not think Grace has learned much management since she came to us?" asked Gertrud, who had rearranged her toilette with some care. Both sisters were arrayed in ruby French merino,

much trimmed with velvet of the same color, and bows of pale blue at the throat and in their hair.

"Yes, she really does wonders; and she knew little or nothing when she left England," replied Mrs. Frere, to whom the question had been addressed.

"And can she manage, as she intended, on sixteen thalers a week? It is really quite enough, only your ways are so different."

"I imagine she does. She has not mentioned the house accounts to me for some time."

"It is no doubt a help to have the good Dalbersdorf milk and butter at market price; and Mamsell desired me to tell you that we kill a pig next week, and will you please say what *Schweinefleisch* or *Wurst* you would like?"

Mrs. Frere's answer was stopped by the entrance of Dr. Sturm. He had made a careful toilette; his neat tie, and hair brushed back behind his ears, all showed an unusual amount of attention to personal appearance.

"I fear I am somewhat early," he said, bowing low over the hand Mrs. Frere extended to him, while his pale cheek flushed a little. "But it is always agreeable to be with Mrs. Frere; and I have, moreover, to make the excuses of my mother, who is too much overwhelmed with her Christmas preparations to leave the house."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Frere. "She ought to have come, were it only to rest for a couple of hours."

"Fräulein Gertrud, Fräulein Frieda," continued the doctor, "you are, I hope, well? It seems a long age since I have seen you." After greeting Grace cordially, he took a seat between Frieda and Mrs. Frere, turning occasionally when speaking to her to look at the former with such an expression of serene happiness, that Grace thought every one who observed him for a moment must perceive the secret of his joy; while Frieda blushed and smiled under his honest, loving glance, till her cousin felt indignant at this display of feeling without the smallest attempt at self-control.

The conversation turned on the coffee-party of that afternoon, and Grace asked if Frieda knew who the two ladies were who sat near her (Grace) by the doorway.

"While you were talking with Fräulein Gütcher?"

"Yes."

"I am not quite sure. One was, I think, Frau Walter; the other is a stran-

ger from Dresden, staying, I think, with the Frau Oberst."

"Oh, that Frau Walter is too dreadful: she is the greatest gossip in Zittau, and always has the worst stories of every one," cried Gertrud.

This was a crumb of comfort to Grace, and it had hardly been caught when little Paulina opened with a beaming aspect and said, —

"Herr Graf, meine gnädige Frau, and Herr Baron," when, to the amazement of every one, Count Costello's tall, stately figure appeared in the doorway — for every one knew he seldom left Dalbersdorf of an evening in winter — and close behind came Falkenberg.

"My dear uncle!" cried Mrs. Frere and Grace together.

"Ach Gott, der Grossvater!" exclaimed his granddaughters, with one voice.

"This is indeed a pleasure!" said Grace, embracing him warmly, while Mrs. Frere drew forward her own arm-chair, and all crowded round him.

"Why, it is a treat to come among such a bevy of beauties!" said the gallant veteran, having kissed them all round and settled himself in his chair. "And your *salon*, niece, has borrowed something of your own charm."

"But to what do we owe the pleasure of seeing you, dear uncle?"

"Yes," echoed Frieda, "how is it you are here, *Grosspapa*?"

"Ah, you have to thank me," said Falkenberg, who had kept in the background, furtively watching Grace; "and nobody takes any notice of me. Miss Grace has not even spoken one word."

"I beg your pardon," said Grace, laughing to hide the change in her tone, which was perceptible to herself; "I was too much surprised to notice any one. Thank you very much for bringing the count to us." She spoke without moving from her place, and Falkenberg consequently did not offer his hand.

"After you started this morning," said the count, "Falkenberg made his appearance, and insisted on my riding over with him to Burchardtswald; then I went to dine at the Casino — so I am here, and shall return with the girls. My Frau Tochter was quite alarmed at such an outbreak on the old soldier's part. Ha! ha! ha!" the count laughed triumphantly at the notion of his daughter's discomfiture. "However, I have enjoyed my day."

"Please come to table," said Paulina.

The count offered his arm to Mrs.

Frere, Falkenberg to Gertrud, and Sturm brought up the rear with Frieda and Grace.

"Ah," said the count, as he glanced approvingly at the chief dish, "Backhuhu! that is good. I have not tasted Backhuhu for some time — and mushrooms — good!"

The supper proceeded merrily, Grace and Frieda doing a good deal of the waiting, Sturm and Falkenberg occasionally assisting.

"Thank you, me darling," said the count, as Grace bent over him to place a fresh roll by his plate. "Faith! it transports me back nearly fifty years to look at you to-night, though you are pale. What's the matter, Grace?"

"Nothing, dear uncle," she returned, blushing vividly, for every eye turned upon her at this observation, and she hastened back to her place, which was between Sturm and Falkenberg, at the foot of the table. The latter, glancing up at her round, pliant figure, in its simple dress of close-fitting black silk, buttoned from throat to feet, with a frill and cravat of rich old lace, said, smiling, —

"Miss Grace is a very deceptive young lady. The roses come and go so quickly in her cheeks that a stranger might think her very shy — timid — bashful — which is it? But no! she is firm, and self-reliant, and proud — very proud. Is it not so, Herr General?"

"I tell you what it is, Falkenberg, my boy; you have a fair general idea of the sex, but I don't think you understand an Irish girl like my Grace."

"Do I not?" said Falkenberg, turning a significant look on Grace. "I think I ought."

"And I think, Wolff, you are very rude to insinuate that my cousin is bold," said Gertrud, with a sinner of superiority.

"But I said no such thing. What I *do* say is, that for all the sweet home-staying virtues of a real German maiden, there is no better type than my fair cousin Gertrud."

"And am I not home-staying, too?" asked Frieda, in an injured tone.

"To be sure; dare any one deny it?" said Falkenberg soothingly.

"Fräulein Frieda is formed to be the light and joy of the home she stays in," murmured Herr Doctor, in a low tone, unnoticed by any one save Frieda and Grace, while Falkenberg rather noisily drank Gertrud's health.

"Well said," thought Grace to herself. "How well he says most things!" and

she silently wondered that intellectual refinement could co-exist with manners somewhat primitive in some directions, for even as he spoke, he unhesitatingly rested his knife, all dripping with gravy, on the table-cloth while sending his plate for a supply of Backhuhu, and then thrust it into the salt; nor did any doubt seem to cross his mind at a later period as to the propriety of using his tooth-pick: unimportant trifles perhaps, yet Grace thought how intolerable in a husband! When she again attended to what was going on, the count was concluding a panegyric on the beauty and virtue of his countrywomen.

"Not but there are angels by the dozen to be found in Saxony and Austria; but for dash and fun, and the salt of pleasant devilry to keep the blood warm in your veins while all goes well, and love and tenderness to heal your wounds and soothe your bruises when you've been battered in the battle of life, there are few can equal an Irish girl. Your health, my dear niece; and yours too, my jewel!"

"I am quite sure of the devilry," says Falkenberg, laughing and glancing at Grace, as she held out her glass to touch her grand-uncle's; "and of course, that carries conviction as to the rest of the assertion!" but Grace did not meet his eyes.

"I should think, my dear uncle," said Mrs. Frere, "that you knew little of your countrywomen — you left home so early."

"Fifty-four years ago," returned the veteran. "But, my dear, I have known Irish women *out* of Ireland! To be sure, fifty years ago every woman was sweeter and fairer, the sun shone brighter; ah, Himmel! joy was more joyous, and grief more keen."

"Is it, then, so long, Herr Graf, since you left your country?" asked Dr. Sturm.

"Ay! I have seen the map of Europe twice changed during the time, and not much good come of it."

"You should dictate your memoirs to Frieda and to me," said Grace; "I long to write, and your recollections would be historical."

"I have seen a good deal, certainly," returned the count, with some pride, while Mrs. Frere filled his glass; "but I tell you that, while most things seem to grow smaller in my sight, the enormous size of modern armies fills me with astonishment."

"And sorrow," put in Sturm: "such cruel waste of the most precious material the world holds — human life."

"It is not wasted," said Falkenberg sharply; "wars do not often occur, and the military death-rate is not higher than civil."

"Ah, Herr Baron, you wilfully misunderstand me," cried Sturm. "It is not of the waste of physical life I speak, but of careers interrupted, studies broken off at their most critical period, families deprived of their most effectual helpers; of the country turned into a vast barrack, of industry paralyzed."

"Liebe Herr Doctor!" returned Falkenberg, and there was a touch of scorn in his tone. "The men who come into our ranks are too young to have family duties, or ought not to have them; and as the obligation is universal, the breaking-off of studies, or careers, puts them at no disadvantage, while the discipline of the soldier teaches them order, punctuality, obedience, self-respect —"

"Not self-respect! A system that reduces them to machines, and stamps out their individuality, cannot develop self-respect."

"Faith, every man is the better for being drilled," said the count; whereupon Falkenberg remarked on the philanthropic enthusiasm of uninstructed civilians, with a thinly veiled sneer.

Dr. Sturm replied with perfect temper, but much earnestness, and the argument, begun in English, raged for some minutes in German. Grace gathered enough to understand that Otto Sturm was an advanced Liberal, and was of opinion that the peace of Europe would be safer in the hands of strictly representative governments than in those of autocrats, who could put the terrible machinery of war in motion from insufficient motives, or for reasons apart from the real interests of the people. Moreover, she observed that he was always calm with the strength of conviction, whereas Falkenberg spoke with repressed irritation and angry contempt, as if he would fain crush all assertion of right by his inferiors under his military heel. The count's views did not come out very clearly, his old-soldier prejudices inclining to universal enrolment — his kindly nature to give all a chance of improving their condition.

Frieda looked a little anxious as Falkenberg's face assumed a harder and more sneering expression, noticing which, Grace, presuming on her supposed ignorance of the turn the conversation had taken, suggested that, as every one seemed to have finished supper, they might go into the next room, and perhaps

Frieda would play to them; whereupon they all rose from table and adjourned to the *salon*. Frieda sat down willingly enough to the piano and began a long fantasia, while Dr. Sturm, listening attentively, stood beside her to turn over the leaves. Grace, meantime, drew a low seat between the piano and the sofa, which stood somewhat back from where Gertrud had placed herself. After looking first at a few photographs, and then over Frieda's shoulder at her music, Falkenberg threw himself in a half-reclining posture on the sofa, his head coming close to Grace's ear. Presently, as the music grew louder, he said quietly, —

"Something has displeased or distressed you to-day; you have hardly spoken, you have hardly eaten; and I imagine, perhaps groundlessly, that I am out of favor."

"Oh, no! nothing has gone wrong, and you have done nothing to displease me," returned Grace.

There was a pause, and then Falkenberg, again subduing his tone, said, —

"You have a most expressive voice; did no one ever tell you so? Whatever words your lips may form, your voice tells the truth; and you have had some shock, some mental blow to-day. I have learned to know you well, since the day you risked so much to help me."

"*De grâce*, Herr von Falkenberg! You know quite well that I risked nothing; do not mention it any more."

"And will you not tell me what has distressed you?" said Falkenberg, after an instant's pause, as if he waited for her to speak.

"I have felt homesick of late," returned Grace quickly; "the season brings with it memories, and though I like Zittau, and my cousins, and every one, there are hours when I long — oh, unspeakably — for my old home — my old life."

Her voice trembled slightly, her lip quivered as she spoke with pathetic earnestness, for her heart swelled with the thought of that far-away time, nearly a year ago, when the world was unknown and unfeared; and treachery, falsehood, harshness, were mere stage effects, conjured up by clever writers to give force and interest to their dramatic pictures. Something in her voice and downcast look stirred Falkenberg's heart, or circulating system; and lowering his voice to a whisper, full of almost passionate tenderness, he whispered, —

"Meine liebe Grace! you will tell me to-morrow, when we skate together?"

"I shall not," returned Grace shortly, suddenly throwing off the softness and depression which had crept over her; "you are the last man I should tell anything to."

"Ach, so!" exclaimed Falkenberg, greatly startled, a long-drawn "so;" "then I am in disgrace!"

When the little party broke up, Frieda, on pretence of looking at Mab asleep, stole first into Mrs. Frere's and then into Grace's room.

"Ach, du Liebling!" she said, twining her arm round her cousin's waist, "was it not *wunderschön* (admirable)?"

"What?" asked Grace.

"Oh, the argument at supper: Otto's eloquence, his logic, his infinite superiority. Wolff is not at all equal to him. He loses his temper, he cannot reason; he is not noble!"

"Herr von Falkenberg is no *savant*," said Grace coldly; "he is just a fighting man with a few accomplishments. But, Frieda, do you know anything of his history? Why did he change into this regiment?"

"I scarcely know. He was unsteady, and gambled, and got into debt, and then he was mixed up in some unpleasant affair in Dresden; I never was told exactly what, but there was a lady in it. Why do you ask, dear Grace? Do you interest yourself in Wolff?"

"No; certainly not as you mean. Yet he does interest me, though he is ever so far below your Otto."

"My Otto, beloved Grace! Why do you call him thus?"

"Because I am sure he *is*."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHRISTMAS, which at Dunga had been principally a time of religious observance, of charitable and family gifts, and some extra eating, was the most important festival of the year at Dalbersdorf; nay, more, the crowning-point to which months of preparation were devoted. *Herrschaft, gesunde Leute, Dienstmädchen*, high and low looked to its rewards as the ultimate aim of service and good conduct. Professors from remote cities and soldiers from distant barracks rush home for a few days, to taste once more the old family life — some with relish and enjoyment, some with weariness and disgust.

Mab had been for days wild with anticipation respecting the Christmas-tree, which, although familiar enough in England nowadays, was unknown in the "wild

west." Mamsell had favored her with many descriptions, and hinted at a dazzling array of gifts spread on tables which was beyond the power of childish imagination to picture. But she little knew the fertility of Mab's fancy.

Grace often warned her not to expect too much, though she was quite aware of the fruitlessness of her words.

To Mrs. Frere and Grace the season brought sad and tender thoughts of their old home and its beloved master. This frame of mind drew them more together than ever—Mrs. Frere drooping like a plant deprived of sunshine whenever her daughter was away; and Grace, out of the treasure of a boundlessly generous nature, always finding patience, tenderness, sympathy enough to satisfy her mother's needs—no shadow of selfishness ever suggesting that she gave too much, or received too little. Nor did Mrs. Frere often transgress reasonable limits. If of slight build, her character was true, sweet, and childlike: a creature that could die for one she loved, but could neither endure silently nor dare to look danger in the face. Her spirits invariably flagged as the end of the quarter drew near, and rose again so soon as the fresh though expected supply of cash replenished the exhausted exchequer. She was rather reluctant to share the Dalbersdorf festivities; but neither the count nor Frau Alvsleben would hear of an excuse, and Grace was equally urgent: "You cannot be left alone, you know, mother dear; if you do not go, neither can I,"—an argument which settled the matter.

Christmas eve was fine—that is still and gray, but less cold than the days which had immediately preceded it; and Falkenberg, of whom they had not seen much since the visit of Gertrud and Frieda, had come in the previous evening, to offer his sleigh for the accommodation of Mrs. Frere and her daughters. Mrs. Frere accepted his invitation very readily, for Falkenberg stood high in her good graces.

"We shall take Ulrich with us, also," he said. "I had a letter from him; he starts to-night, and will beat up my quarters about five or six in the morning. There is an American entertainment at which he wishes to be present, and he will go from it to the train."

"I am glad of that!" cried Grace; "Ulrich is such a nice boy."

"Boy!" repeated Falkenberg, laughing; "he would not be much obliged to you for such an epithet."

"Well, I always feel as if he were a boy; I cannot believe he is nearly a year and a half older than I am."

"Is he? I suppose it is ungallant to say so, but I always imagine you older than I suppose you are. May I ask?"

"Oh yes, certainly; I shall be nineteen the 23d of January."

"The 23d of January," repeated Falkenberg thoughtfully; "you look——" He paused.

"Pray say no more," returned Grace, laughing.

The day then was gray and still, but Dalbersdorf had put on its brightest aspect. Everything capable of being scrubbed or polished had been rubbed up to the last degree. The smiling Marie, who seemed to have subjected her face to the same process, had on a snowy apron and cap, and came to greet them with effusion and many "Achs!" "Gnädige Fraus," and hand-kissing.

Behind her Mamsell, also in her best: lace on her head-gear and apron, her Sunday black merino dress, and a lace handkerchief, the whole family following after her from the dining-room to greet their guests.

"Many happy Christmases to you, my dear," cried the count, as Mab sprang into his arms, and was passed on from one to another, to receive a succession of embraces.

"Ach! but you are welcome, my good cousin and friend," said Frau Alvsleben, presenting both hands to Mrs. Frere kindly; "and you, too, meine liebe—liebe Grace!"

"Welcome to a Saxon Christmas," said Gertrud.

"Dearest and best! I have been looking for you this hour," cried Frieda.

And amid the general kissing which ensued, Ulrich, who had done his first greeting in Zittau, quietly took his place among the household, presenting himself for his share with such an easy, natural air that Grace found herself bestowing a similar salute upon him unconsciously, to the amusement of all, and the triumph of the young hussar.

"Ach!" he exclaimed; "it is the sweetest! and all the sweeter for being almost stolen—eh, meine liebe Cousine? Falkenberg, you are no cousin. You must keep afar off—poor Wolff!"

Grace laughed good-humoredly.

"I am glad you are pleased," she said.

"But I should say given kisses were sweeter."

"I too," said Falkenberg carelessly;

"nor can you deny me a nephew and cousin's claim here."

So saying, he offered a polite kiss to Frau Alvsleben and her daughters.

"Come with me," whispered Frieda to Grace, "and take off your wraps in my room."

"Yes; come with us," said Gertrud, who was gay and gracious.

Frieda made a little furtive grimace to her cousin, for she did not particularly covet Gertrud's company. She was always greedy of opportunities to pour out her doubts, hopes, and fears to the one confidante in whom she dared to trust.

However, the three girls went up-stairs together, Mab preferring Mamsell's company and a visit to the pigs and poultry.

"What shall I do with these?" asked Grace; "these" being sundry brown paper parcels of various sizes.

"Oh," from Gertrud, "you must leave Frieda's things with me, and mother's, and Wolff's; and the rest with Frieda."

"Wolff's!" repeated Grace, dismayed; "I never thought of him. Mab has worked him a note-book, but I—I did nothing."

"That is too bad!" cried Frieda. "I am sure he will be disappointed."

"I do not think he will mind," said Grace.

"I have worked him a new *Jagdgiirtel* (hunting-belt), wonderfully beautiful (*wunderschön*)," returned Gertrud, with an air of importance; "and I have knit him three pairs of silk socks, and a *Decke* (cover) for his table."

"Why, Gertrud, you have been diligent! But Herr Hauptmann has a splendid hunting-belt already."

"Yes," said Gertrud, with a slight frown and much decision; "but I do not wish him to wear it any more."

"Do you think he will leave it off?"

"We shall see," returned Gertrud, closing her mouth tightly.

Grace looked at her in slight surprise.

"I will take the parcels at once to the *salon*," said Gertrud. "After dinner Frieda and I will set all in order. I would ask you to help, only as it is your first German Christmas, we want you to see the tables when all is ready."

"Next Christmas, dearest, you shall help us," said Frieda caressingly, as if it was an honor and pleasure of which she reluctantly deprived her friend.

While Grace found herself thinking: "Next Christmas! Shall I be here next Christmas?" A sudden unusual yearning sprang up in her heart for Kandal,

for Jimmy Byrne, for her old nurse, for dear, pleasant Lady Elton, for every one whom she had known and loved.

Meantime Frieda was speaking, and Gertrud had left the room.

"It was so difficult to think of anything for Otto—Dr. Sturm."

"What have you decided on?" asked Grace, finding some words were expected of her.

"A large blotting-book, with his initials surrounded by a wreath of bay-leaves. It is really charming! And a *Decke* for Frau Sturm."

"And how did you conceal your gifts from each other, when you both arrange them?"

"Oh, Gertrud decks my table, and I deck hers; then we lay a cover over; and when we all go in, each uncovers her own table. Yours——"

Here a knock at the door interrupted them.

"Herein," cried Frieda, whereupon enter Ulrich and Falkenberg, quite naturally and unconcernedly.

"Ach! meine liebe Frieda, Wolff and I have been seeking thee; and where is Gertrud?" said Ulrich.

"We have important secrets to commit to thy keeping," added Falkenberg.

"Call Gertrud, and come down to the study."

They left Grace and went away together. She was going to seek Mab and Mamsell, when Frau Sturm, her son and daughter—the usual Christmas guests at Dalbersdorf—arrived. And the scene of hearty welcome and general hubbub was re-acted, Frieda embracing the kindly, simple widow with warmth and effusion, taking her up to the guest-chamber herself, and loading her with affectionate attention; while to Grace's care Cecilia was confided, and they set out together to find Mab, and bring her in to dinner, which, in honor of the company, was fixed at the late hour of half past two.

After a prolonged symposium, from which the children soon escaped, Frieda and Gertrud went away to their task of decoration; and the table being cleared, Grace undertook to amuse Mab and Cecilia. The count went to take a nap, Frau Alvsleben to attend to sundry matters connected with the festival, and Ulrich, Herr Doctor, Falkenberg, and the Verwalter to the stables; while Mrs. Frere and Frau Sturm strove to keep up a conversation in mixed French and German.

"Don't you think we might go up-stairs

and help Gertrud and Frieda?" asked Mab, whose thoughts were with them already.

"No, indeed; you must not! Come, here is Uncle Costello's old backgammon board. You can play, Mab, and I will teach Cecilia."

Presently the gentlemen returned. Ulrich and Falkenberg were instantly attracted to the backgammon players, and Dr. Sturm devoting himself to entertain Mrs. Frere, till Frieda put in her head to ask Ulrich's assistance, but rejecting with a blush and smile that of Sturm, who immediately offered his services.

This movement was too much for Mab's self-control. She would take no further interest in the game; and Grace did not know what to do with her till Dr. Sturm, with the kindly consideration for children so usual in Germany, offered to tell the little friends stories about the old arms and headpieces which hung in the hall, whither they joyfully accompanied him.

"Will you give me a lesson?" asked Falkenberg, arranging the pieces; "it will pass the time. The tree will not be lit up for an hour yet."

"Very well," returned Grace, sitting down and beginning to show him the moves of the simple game, which yet resembles life in its mixture of chance and skill.

Falkenberg was quick and attentive. He was evidently well informed as to the nature of games; and at the end of the first, he began throwing the dice in an absent, unconscious way.

"How neatly and deftly you handle the dice," said Grace, as she watched him.

"Yes," he returned, rousing himself; "they come a little too familiarly to my hand." And he was silent for a moment; then, speaking abruptly, as if out of his thoughts, he went on, still mechanically throwing the dice, "It is more than three months since that day."

"What day?" asked Grace.

"When you bent over me, as I lay in mortal fear lest help delayed would be no help at all. Your face comes back to me often with the expression it wore then — so tender, yet so firm. I have had a feeling of comradeship with you ever since. You gave me an idea of what a woman might be who was strong and self-reliant as well as soft and loving."

He paused; and Grace did not know what to say, for he scarce seemed to speak to her.

"It is strange," he went on, in a low, musing tone, "that so great a service ren-

dered has not drawn us nearer to each other; but it has not, and now we drift apart. There is some secret influence closing your heart against me, turning you from friendship with me; there is something in you I never quite understand. I wish you were less fair and young, and good, meine liebe Schöne. No!" checking himself, "not mine." He cast the dice three times very deliberately; then, throwing down the box angrily, he shut up the board, exclaiming: "Luck is against me, and fate too, Grace!" She looked at him, greatly surprised by the fierce, impatient expression of his eyes; but before either could speak, enter Mab and Cecilia at express speed.

"You are to come up-stairs. Ulrich and Herr Verwalter are lighting up the tree. Cecilia and I have run out in the front *Hof*, and the windows look all ablaze," cried Mab.

"But the door is still locked," added Cecilia.

"And Fräulein Frieda has told me through the keyhole that you are not to approach till Mamsell summons you," added Dr. Sturm, following his young listeners into the room.

"Well, we shall go up-stairs and wait, at any rate," cried Mab. "Ach, du lieber Wolff! has Grace taught you backgammon?"

"She has taught me much," said Falkenberg, drawing the child to him.

"Will the Herrschaft come up? all is ready," said Mamsell.

On reaching the landing there was yet a moment of waiting in the dark until the doors should be opened, and Grace could not help repeating in thought Wolff von Falkenberg's words — words he seemed to utter involuntarily. Was it possible that this rather spoiled man of the world was really attracted to her? She felt a little frightened, a little offended at having the remnants of a heart thus partially offered, partially withheld! and yet gratified vanity predominated over all. There was a certain soldier-like hardihood, a careless audacity about Falkenberg, flecked here and there with gleams of kindness, of sympathetic penetration and resisted sentiment, which made him very attractive to women. But from some occult cause he had not touched Grace's deeper feelings, and that wretched piece of gossip — no doubt exaggerated, possibly untrue — awakened a vague sense of repulsion. Still his admiration was pleasant — irresistibly pleasant; only she wished he would not show it too openly.

But at this point of her reflections the double doors of the sacred *Obenstube* were thrown wide open, and a flood of light streamed forth.

The *Obenstube* was only used on high festivals, as the present; and Grace had only entered it on a cleaning-day during her six weeks' visit. Now it was displayed in all its glory. All along the sides, across the ends, in the corners, wherever they could be placed, stood little tables loaded with a variety of articles, each lit by a couple of wax candles; and against the centre window towered a superb tree, glittering with dozens of tiny papers, hung with filmy gold, silver, and colored web-like chains of cut paper; and thickly decked with gold and silver nuts and pine-cones, sparkling imitation icicles, and metal butterflies — a gorgeous confusion of light and magnificence, calling forth shouts of delight from Mab and her friend.

Grace and Mrs. Frere also were somewhat dazzled, although the latter had seen something of the same kind before; and exclamations of "How beautiful!" "How brilliant!" "So well arranged!" rewarded the decorators. But the thrilling moment was when the tables were examined. On Mab's were picture and story books, a lovely doll child (Mab, though in her tenth year, still dearly loved dolls) from Uncle Costello; a velvet belt and bag from Cousin Alvsleben; a sash from Gertrud; a beautiful knitted jacket from Frieda, to put under her cloak when she went to school on a cold morning; a splendid photograph album from Von Falkenberg, with his own portrait in the front, etc., down to a workbag, containing a large packet of sweets, from Mamsell; and a bouquet from the Verwalter.

These treasures were hailed with positive shrieks of exultation; and Cecilia, whose table was quite as richly furnished was almost as vociferous.

But Grace and Mrs. Frere had many useful and pretty gifts, and their contributions of English neckties and Irish lace, together with sundry productions of Grace's needle, were much admired and prized.

Uncle Costello, too, came out very strong on the occasion. To Grace he gave a handsome *porte-monnaie*; and not being able to wait until she asked the name of the donor he jogged her arm.

"Take it, dear," he said, "with your old uncle's blessing;" then in a hasty whisper, with a wink which seemed sadly out of place on such a dignified counte-

nance: "Don't look into it till you are alone by yourself, my darling!" an injunction which Grace, knowing his wholesome awe of his daughter, rigidly obeyed.

But the joy of the rest was as nothing compared to that of the servants and Mamsell, whose tables were most substantially set forth. Pieces of cloth and stuffs for dresses, sheeting and bed-coverings, warm jackets, caps, ribbons, cloaks, little ornamental boxes containing the customary Christmas gifts of money; besides which good things were trifles in the shape of collars, cuffs, ties, and pin-cushions; while every table had a certain allowance of long *Stollen*, a breadlike cake, with a ridge all along the centre, as essential to a German Christmas as plum-pudding in England; a small pile of apples and another of walnuts, without which, however handsomely furnished, no servants' table would be considered complete.

When the first excitement of running about from table to table, and kissing and thanking every one had partially subsided, Grace began to examine her own possessions more thoroughly, and trace the givers of each little article, till she came to a charming little riding-whip, with a silver handle encrusted with Saxon crystals. Her cousins, the count, Frau Alvsleben, all had acknowledged their presents, and she felt stupidly reluctant to inquire as to this one. She took it up and cut an imaginary horse with it sharply; then covering her confusion by rushing into words, exclaimed, —

"Who is the giver of this lovely, delightful whip? I never saw anything so pretty!"

There was a moment's silence.

"Aha!" cried Ulrich; "I could a tale unfold! Some one beat up my quarters a month ago at Dresden, and dragged me from shop to shop to choose pretty things. It was hard enough to please him with the *châtelaïne* yonder; but the whip was worst of all, for the people did not quite understand his needs," and he looked smilingly at Falkenberg as he spoke.

The *châtelaïne* was on Gertrud's table, and had been greatly admired; she now thanked him with evident gratification. Grace felt more embarrassed than she cared to admit. The whip was too handsome; but Gertrud's and Frieda's gifts were equal in cost. So clearing her difficulty at a bound, Grace went straight up to him and held out her hand.

"Thank you," she said, simply and heartily; "I admire your present; it is

quite beautiful, and I shall prize it always."

Falkenberg bowed low, and lifted her hand for an instant to his lips—an unimportant courtesy in Germany; but he uttered no word.

After nearly an hour of intense admiration, the tapers began to burn low. Then the children gathered and packed up their belongings, and the visitors did the same. Soon it was time for supper, which was a long affair, for many healths were drunk and speeches made; after which the tables were cleared, and all joined in a waltz and polka, Grace distinguishing herself by playing with spirit and precision; for Frieda, like many other excellent performers, was unequal to dance-music. Mrs. Frere, too, was quite happy to assist, and all wound up with the *Grosswater*, a sort of Saxon "Sir Roger de Coverley," begun with some six or eight steps of solemn stateliness, and then breaking into a wild gallop down the whole length of the room. In this even the count joined.

At last Christmas morn was on them; once more they were packed into the sleigh, thickly wrapped in furs and wraps of all descriptions; and taking with them, in Ulrich's place, the Verwalter, as he was to pass Christmas-day with his mother. Falkenberg was in high spirits, and laughed and talked very agreeably all the moonlit way home; but Grace observed that, after he had shut up the backgammon board, he had never addressed a separate word to her.

This, however, in no way ruffled the self-love to which his peculiar, half-reluctant admiration had offered such pleasant incense; and Grace's first Christmas-eve in Germany always dwelt in her memory as a bright and happy reminiscence.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE FUTURE OF ISLAM.

III.

THE TRUE METROPOLIS — MECCA.

In my last paper I sketched the position of the Ottoman sultans towards the mass of orthodox Islam, and showed the foundations on which their tenure of the caliphal title rested. These I explained to be neither very ancient nor very securely laid in the faith and affections of the faithful; and, though at the present moment a certain reaction in fa-

vor of Constantinople had set in, it was due to accidental circumstances, which are unlikely to become permanent, and was very far indeed from being universal. It may be as well to recapitulate the position.

The Sunite or orthodox Mohammedan world holds it as a dogma of faith that there must be a khalifeh, the ex-officio head of their religious polity, and the successor of their Prophet. In temporal matters, whoever holds this office is theoretically king of all Islam; and in spiritual matters he is their supreme religious authority. But practically, the caliph's temporal jurisdiction has for many centuries been limited to such lands as he could hold by arms; while in spiritual matters he has exercised no direct authority whatever. Nevertheless, he represents to Mussulmans something of which they are in need, and which they are bound to respect; and it cannot be doubted that in proper hands, and at the proper moment, the caliphate might once more become an instrument for good or evil of almost universal power in Islam. Even now, were there to be an apprehension of general and overwhelming danger for religion, it is to the caliph that the faithful would look to defend their interests; and, as we have seen, a moderate show of piety and respect for the sacred law has been sufficient, in spite of a violent political opposition, to secure for the actual holder of the title a degree of sympathy which no other Mussulman prince could at any cost of good government have obtained.

On the other hand, it has been shown that the loyalty, such as there is, which Abd el Hamid inspires is due to him solely as incumbent of the caliphal office, and not as the representative of any race or dynasty. The house of Othman, as such, represents nothing sacred to Mussulmans; and the Turkish race is very far from being respected in Islam. The present caliphal house is unconnected in blood with the old traditional line of "successors;" and even with the Turks themselves inspires little modern reverence. Moreover, the actual incumbent of the office is thought to be not even a true Ottoman, being the offspring of the seraglio rather than of known parents; Abd el Hamid's sole title to spiritual consideration is his official name. This he has had the sense to set prominently forward. Reduced to a syllogism, Mussulman loyalty may be read thus. There must be a caliph, and the caliphate deserves re-

spect; there is no other caliph but Abd el Hamid; *ergo*, Abd el Hamid deserves respect.

It has been pointed out, however, that, if the sultan's recent revival of spiritual pretensions is his present strength, it may also in the immediate future become his weakness. The challenge which the old Constantinople school of Hanefism threw down ten years ago to the world has been taken up; and all the learned world now knows the frailty of the house of Ottoman's spiritual position. The true history of the caliphate has been published and set side by side with that Turkish history which the ignorance of a previous generation had come to confound with it. At the present day nobody with any instruction doubts that Abd el Hamid and his house might be legally displaced by the first successful rival, and that the only right of Constantinople to lead Islam is the right of the sword. As long as the Ottoman empire is maintained and no counter caliph appears, so long will the sultan be the acknowledged head of religion; but not a day longer. The caliphate, for one alien as Abd el Hamid is to the Koreysh, must be constantly maintained in arms, and on the first substantial success of a new pretender his present following would fall off from him without compunction, transferring to this last their loyalty on precisely the same ground on which Abd el Hamid now receives it. Abd el Hamid would then be legitimately deposed and disappear, for it is unlikely that he would find any such protector in his adversity as the legitimate caliphs found in theirs six hundred years ago. So fully is this state of things recognized by the ulema, that I found the opinion last year to be nearly universal that Abd el Hamid was destined to be the last caliph of the house of Othman.

It becomes, therefore, a question of extreme interest, and this shall be the subject of my present paper, to consider who among Mussulman princes could, with any chance of being generally accepted by orthodox Islam, put in a claim to replace the Ottoman dynasty as caliph when the day of its doom shall have been reached. It is a question which ought certainly to interest Englishmen, for on its solution the whole problem of Mussulman loyalty or revolt in India most probably depends, and though it would certainly be unwise, at the present moment, for an English government to obtrude itself violently in a religious quarrel not yet ripe, much might be done in a per-

fectly legitimate way to influence the natural course of events and direct it to a channel favorable to British interests. Is there then in Islam, east, or west, or south, a man of sufficient eminence and courage to proclaim himself caliph, in the event of Abd el Hamid's political collapse or death? What would be his line of action to secure Mohammedan acceptance? Where should he fix his capital, and on what arms should he rely? Whose flag should he display? Above all — for this is the question that interests us most — could such a change of rulers affect favorably the future thought and life of Islam, and lead to an honest Moslem reformation? These questions, which are being cautiously asked of each other by thoughtful Mussulmans in every corner of the East, I now propose to consider and, as far as it is my power, to answer.

I have said that Islam is already well prepared for change. Whatever Europeans may think of a future for the Ottoman empire, Mussulmans are profoundly convinced that on its present basis it will not long survive. Even in Turkey, the thought of its political regeneration as an European empire has been at last abandoned, and no one now contemplates more than a few years further tenure of the Bosphorus. Twenty years ago it was not so, nor perhaps five, but to-day all are resigned to this. Ancient prophecy and modern superstition alike point to a return of the crescent into Asia as an event at hand, and to the doom of the Turks as a race which has corrupted Islam. A well-known prediction to this effect, which has for ages exercised its influence on the vulgar and even the learned Mohammedan mind, gives the year 1883 of our era as the term within which these things are to be accomplished, and places the scene of the last struggle in northern Syria, at Homs, on the Orontes. Islam is then finally to retire from the north, and the Turkish rule to cease. Such prophecies often work their own fulfilment, and the feeling of a coming catastrophe is so deeply rooted and so universal that I question whether the proclamation of a Jihad by the sultan would now induce a thousand Moslems to fight voluntarily against the cross in Europe. The sultan himself and the old Turkish party which supports him, while clinging obstinately in appearance to all their ground, really have their eyes turned elsewhere than on Adrianople and Salonica and the city of the Roman emperors. It is unlikely that a new advance of the

Christian powers from the Balkan would meet again with more than formal opposition; and Constantinople itself, unsupported by European aid, would be abandoned without a blow, or with only such show of resistance as the Sheriat requires for a cession of territory.* The sultan would, in such an event, pass into Asia, and I have been credibly informed that his own plan is to make not Broussa, but Bagdad or Damascus his capital. This he considers would be more in conformity with caliphal traditions, and the caliphate would gain strength by a return to its old centres. Damascus is surnamed by theologians *Bab el Kaaba*, Gate of the Caaba; and there or at Bagdad, the traditional city of the caliphs, he would build up once more a purely theocratic empire. Such, they say, is his thought; and such doubtless would be the empire of the future that Mussulmans would choose. Only it is improbable that it would continue to be in any sense Ottoman, or that Abd el Hamid would have the opportunity of himself establishing it. The loss of Constantinople would be a blow to his prestige he could not well recover from, and no new empire ever yet was founded on defeat. What is far more likely to happen is that, in such an event, Abd el Hamid and his house would disappear, and an entirely new order of caliphal succession take their place. Even without supposing any such convulsion to the empire as a loss of the Bosphorus, his reign will hardly be a long one. The ulema of Constantinople are by no means all on his side, and the party of "Young Turkey," cowed for the moment by the terrorism which there prevails, is his bitter enemy, and will not let him rest. It will infallibly, on the next danger from Europe, show its head again and take its revenge. It is said to be the programme of this party, when it next comes to power, to separate the spiritual functions of the caliphate from those of the head of the State, copying, in so far, the modern practice of Christendom towards the papacy. I suppose that it would be attempted to restore that state of things which, as we have already seen, existed at Cairo in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and it is just conceivable that, as far as Turkey itself was concerned, such an arrangement might, for a time, succeed. There would then be two powers at Constantinople, a *waire du palais*

who would reign, and a caliph who would be head of religion; a separation of offices which would certainly facilitate the sort of reform that Midhat and his friends desire. But to the world at large the event would only signify that Constantinople had formally abdicated her claim to leadership, and Islam would never acknowledge as caliph the mere puppet of an irreligious clique of officials, because he happened to be a member of the Beni Othman. His political power is the only thing that reconciles Islam with an Ottoman caliph, and without sovereignty he would be discarded. In whatever way, therefore, that we look at it, there seems justification in probability for the conviction already cited that after Abd el Hamid a new order of caliphal succession will be seen.

It seems to be an universal opinion at the present day among those who think at all upon the matter, that whatever change may be impending for Islam, it will be in the direction of concentration rather than of extension. All parties see that the day of outside conquest is at an end, and that the utmost that Islam can look forward to politically is the maintenance of its present positions, and as an extreme possibility the emancipation of its lost provinces in India and north Africa from Christian rule. There is, therefore, a conviction that the removal of the seat of supreme authority, when made, will be towards the centre, not to any new extremity of Islam. Constantinople, even if all Islam were combined for its defence, is felt to be too near the infidel frontier to be safe, and, cosmopolitan city as it has become, it is by many looked upon itself as infidel. A position further removed from danger and more purely Mohammedan is the necessity of the day; and it can hardly be doubted that, when the time comes, the possession of some such vantage-ground will be recognized as a first qualification with whoever shall assume the leadership of Islam. We have seen that Abd el Hamid dreams of Damascus or Bagdad. But others dream of Cairo as the new seat of the caliphate; and to the majority of far-sighted Mussulmans it is rapidly becoming apparent that the retreat, once begun, must be conducted further still, and that the only true resting-place for theocracy is in Arabia, its birthplace and the fountain head of its inspiration. There, alone in the world, all the conditions for the independent exercise of religious sovereignty are to be found. In Arabia

* According to canon law the caliph cannot cede any portion of the lands of Islam except on compulsion.

there are neither Christians nor Jews nor infidels of any sort for Islam to count with, nor is it so rich a possession that it should ever excite the cupidity of the Western powers. A caliph there need fear no admonition from Frank ambassadors in virtue of any capitulations; he would be free to act as the successor of the apostle should, and would breathe the pure air of an unadulterated Islam. A return, therefore, to Medina or Mecca is the probable future of the caliphate.

The importance of Arabia has of late years been fully recognized both at Constantinople and elsewhere. It has been the sustained policy of Abd el Hamid at all cost and by whatsoever means to maintain his influence there; and he knows that without it his spiritual pretensions could have no secure foundations. Arabia, he perceives, is the main point of the caliphal problem; and whether or not the future holder of the office reside in Hejaz, it is certain that by its tenure alone the Mohammedan world will judge of his right to be their leader. It will, therefore, before we go further, be interesting to examine the relations existing in the past and present between Mecca and the caliphate, and to ascertain the position now held by Abd el Hamid in Arabia. On this point I believe that I can offer information which will be both valuable and new.

The political constitution of the Moslem Holy Land is one of the most anomalous in the world. Like every district of Arabia proper, Hejaz has a town and a nomad population, but almost no intermediate agricultural class. The townsmen I have already described — a multitude of mixed origin, descended from such pilgrims as from every quarter of the globe have visited the holy places, and, have remained to marry and die in them. The nomads, on the contrary, are a pure race, of a peculiarly noble type, and unchanged in any essential feature of their life from what they were in the days of Mohammed. They are warlike, unquiet Bedouins, camel-riders (for they have no horses), and armed with matchlocks; and they are proud of their independence, and tenacious of their rights. No serious attempt has ever been made, except by Mehemet Ali, to subdue them, and none at all has succeeded. Unlike the generality of peninsular Bedouins, however, they are professed Sunite Mohammedans, if not of a very pious type; and they acknowledge as their chief the head of their most noble tribe, the grand sherif of the

Koreysh, who is also prince of Mecca. The Koreysh is still a distinct nomadic tribe, inhabiting the immediate neighborhood of Mecca; not numerous, but not in decay. They are divided into several sections, each governed by its sheykh, the chief of which, the Abadleh, has for several centuries supplied the reigning family of Hejaz. This last traces its descent from Ali Ibn Abutaleb, the fourth caliph, through his son Hassan, and through Ali's wife, Fatmeh, from Mohammed himself. It is probably the oldest authentic male descent in the world, and certainly the most sacred. All the members of this Abadleh family enjoy the title of sherif, the head of it only being distinguished as the Sherif el Kebir, the great or grand sherif. The rest of the Koreysh, not being descended from Fatmeh, do not receive the title. All alike wear the Bedouin dress of *abba* and *kefiyeh*, even the prince himself, standing in this strikingly in contrast with the Hejazi citizens, who affect the turban and *gombaz*.

The district of Medina is occupied by the Harb Bedouins, a larger and more powerful tribe than the Koreysh, who also recognize the sherif, but their allegiance is precarious, while to the east and south of Mecca the Ateybeh and Assir, more powerful still, are wholly independent. It has always been a difficult matter to keep these unruly elements at peace with each other and with the citizens, nor could the sherif hope to effect it were he not himself of Bedouin and noble blood.

The early history of the sherifate is exceedingly obscure. When the caliphs definitely abandoned Medina as their capital in the fortieth year of Islam (A.D. 662), they for a time left deputies of the sherifal family behind them to govern in their name, and, as long as the Ommiad and Abbaside dynasties continued at Damascus and Bagdad, their sovereignty was acknowledged in Hejaz. But on the destruction of the Arabian caliphate in 1259, the sherifal family seems to have set itself up independently, relying only on the casual help of the Egyptian sultans and the imams of Sana to protect them against the Bedouins of Nejd and Assir, now hardly any longer, even in name, Mohammedans. The Egyptian sultan, however, was the titular protector of the holy places, and it was he who transmitted the *surrah*, or religious contributions made by the faithful, and provided escort for the yearly pilgrimage made to the shrines. Thus we read of

Kaïd Beg having rebuilt the mosque of Medina in 1476, and having sent a yearly subsidy of seventy-five hundred ardebs of corn for the townspeople. Other princes, however, contributed their offerings too, and received titles of honor connected with the Holy Land, the shahs of Persia, the moguls, and the Ottomans. The first connection of the latter with Mecca that I can find was in 1413, when the padishah Mohammed Khan I., having sent a surrah, or bag of gold, to the sherif to be distributed in alms, received from him the title of Khaddam el Haremeyn, servant of the two shrines, and the gift being continued annually by the Ottoman padishahs may very likely have paved the way to their recognition later as caliphs.

It would seem singular at first sight the the sherifs, being themselves of the sacred family whose special inheritance the caliphate was, should ever thus have recognized a stranger as its legal heir. But the political weakness of the Meccan government in the sixteenth century must be taken into account as the all-sufficient reason. The grand sherif could hardly have stood alone as an independent sovereign, for he was continually menaced on the one side by the dissenting Omani, and on the other by the unbelieving tribes of Nejd, against whom his frontier was defenceless. He could not, with his own resources, protect the pilgrim routes from plunder—and on the pilgrimage all the prosperity of Hejaz depended. It therefore was a necessity with the Meccans to have a protector of some sort; and Sultan Kansaw having fallen, they accepted Sultan Selim.

The Ottoman sultans then became protectors of the holy places, and were acknowledged caliphs without any appeal to arms at Mecca and Medina. Their weapons were, in fact, the gold and silver pieces with which they subsidized the sherifs. Sultan Suliman at once, on being acknowledged, ordered an additional annuity of five thousand ardebs to be paid to Mecca, and he and his immediate successors carried out at their own expense such public works as the shrines required in the way of repairs or improvements. Subsequently the seaport of Jeddah, formerly occupied by the Egyptians, received a Turkish contingent, but the interior of Hejaz was never subjugated, nor was any tax at any time levied. Only once a year an Ottoman army appeared before the walls of Medina, conducting the pilgrims from Damascus and conveying the surrah. The state of things at Mec-

ca in the last century has been clearly sketched by Niebuhr. The sherifs were in reality independent princes, but they "gratified the vanity of the grand signior," by calling him their suzerain, he on his side occasionally exercising the right of power by deposing the reigning sherif and appointing another of the same family. No kind of administration had then been attempted by the Turks in Hejaz.

Mehemet Ali's occupation of Hejaz in 1812 first brought foreign troops inland. He established himself at Taïf, the summer residence of the Meccans; deposed the grand sherif Ghaleb, and appointed in his stead another member of the sherifal family; declaring the sultan sovereign of the country—acts which the Meccans acquiesced in through dread of the Wahabis from whom Mehemet Ali promised to deliver them. The Egyptian and Turkish governments have thus, during the present century, exercised some of the functions of sovereignty in Hejaz.

At the present moment Sultan Abd el Hamid's position in the country is this. His troops occupy Jeddah and Yembo, the two seaports, and the towns of Medina and Taïf in the interior. He is acknowledged by the sherifs as sovereign, except in Mecca; and he appoints to all the principal offices of State, including the supreme office of the grand sherifate itself. He is represented by a pasha who resides alternately at Jeddah and Taïf according to the season, but who has not the right of entering Mecca without the grand sherif's leave, or of sending troops there. The total garrison of the Turks in Hejaz last winter was from eight to ten thousand men, of whom four thousand only were regulars (Nizam), and efficient. While I was at Jeddah, the Medina garrison of two thousand regulars, having been long unpaid and unrationed, was said to be living on public charity. On the other hand the Hejazi Bedouins do not acknowledge any sovereignty but that of the sherif, nor could the sultan pretend to keep order outside the towns except through the sherif's interposition. The sultan levies no tax in the interior or impost of any kind, and the sole revenue he receives in Hejaz comes from customs duties of Jeddah and Yembo, which may amount to £40,000.

In return for this he also is bound to transmit every year at the time of the pilgrimage sums of money collected by him from the revenues of the Wakaf within his dominions, lands settled by pious persons on the sherifal family.

These are said to amount to nearly half a million sterling, and are distributed amongst all the principal personages of Hejaz. The transmission of the Wakaf income in which the sultan constitutes himself, so to say, the sheriff's agent, is in fact the real bond which unites Hejaz with the caliphate, and its distribution gives the sultan patronage, and with it power in the country. The bond, however, is one of interest only. The sherifs, proud of their sacred ancestry, look upon the Turkish caliphs as barbarians and impostors, while the sultans find the Hejaz a heavy charge upon their revenue. Either hates and despises the other, the patron and the patronized; and, save that their union is a necessity, it would long ago have, by mutual consent, been dissolved. The sherif depends upon the sultan because he needs a protector, and needs his Wakaf. The sultan depends upon the sherif, because recognition by Hejaz as the protector is a chief title to his caliphate. Mecca, in fact, is a necessity to Islam even more than a caliph; and whoever is sovereign there is naturally sovereign of the Mussulman world.

Outside Hejaz the sultan holds what he holds of Arabia merely by force. I have described already in the pages of this review the growing power of Ibn Rashid, the prince of Nejd; and since that time, two years ago, he has sensibly extended and confirmed his influence there. He has now brought into his alliance all the important tribes of northern Arabia, including the powerful Ateybeh, who, a few months ago, were threatening Mecca; and in Hejaz his name is already as potent as the sultan's. He offered, while I was at Jeddah, to undertake the whole convoy of the Damascus pilgrimage with his own troops, as already he convoys that from Persia; while I have quite recent information of a campaign against his only rivals, the Ibn Saouds, which he has just brought to a successful conclusion. In Yemen, the other neighbor of the Meccans, twenty thousand Turkish troops are required to garrison the few towns the sultan calls his own, and were it not for the facility given him by the possession of the seacoast, these could not long hope to hold their ground. Every day I am expecting news there of a revolt, and the first sign of weakness at Constantinople will certainly precipitate a war of independence in that part of Arabia.

We may expect, therefore, in the event of such a break-up as I have suggested

to be likely of the Ottoman power—either through loss of territory or by the growing impoverishment of the empire, which needs must, in a few decades, end in atrophy—to see among Mussulman princes a competition for the right of protecting the holy places, and with it of inheriting the caliphal title. The sultan reduced to Asia Minor, even if he retain Armenia and Kurdistan (which is extremely improbable), would be quite unable to afford himself the expensive luxury of holding his Arabian conquests and buying the patronage of Mecca. He would be unable any longer to overawe the Red Sea, or secure the pilgrim routes. The princes of Nejd would certainly not tolerate the presence of Turkish soldiers at Medina, and the sherifs of Mecca would have to make terms with them and with the restored imams of Yemen till such time as they should find a new protector elsewhere. Above all, the half million of Wakaf income would no longer be forthcoming, and a Turkish Emir el Haj arriving empty-handed at Mecca would bring his master to a climax of derision. Hejaz then would infallibly look out for a new potentate whom she could dignify with the title of Hamir el Harameyn and Emir el Mumenin; and if there were none forthcoming, would herself proclaim a caliphate. Let us look, therefore, at the lands of Islam to see in which of them a competent prince of the faithful is likely to appear.

It is possible, though to European eyes it will seem far from probable, that out of the ferment which we are now witnessing in the Barbary States, some leader of real power and religious distinction may arise who shall possess the talent of banding together into an instrument of power the immense but scattered forces of Islam in northern Africa, and, achieving some signal success against the new French policy, establish himself in Tripoli or Tunis in independent sovereignty. Were such another man as Abd el Kader to arise, a saint, a preacher, and a soldier, indifferent to the petty aims of local power and gifted with military genius, true piety, and an eloquent tongue, I believe at the present day he might achieve at least a partial success. The French army is weaker in discipline and confidence compared to what it was in Abd el Kader's day, and it has a far more difficult frontier to defend; while the government at home is but half resolute, and the Arabs command much floating sympathy in Europe and elsewhere. I do

not say the thing is likely, but it is conceivable; and Africa contains the elements of a possible new sovereignty for some Mussulman prince which might eventually lead him on the road to Mecca. It is undoubted that with the prestige of success against a Christian power, and backed by the vast populations of Soudan and the fierce military fervor of the Malekite Arabs, an Abd el Kader or an Ibn Saoud would attract the sympathy of Islam, and might aspire to its highest dignity. But enormous postulates must be granted before we can look on any one now known to fame in Africa as a probable candidate for the future caliphate. The present leaders of the Arabs are but local heroes, and as yet they have achieved nothing which can command respect. In Tripoli there is indeed a saint of very high pretensions, one known as the Sheykh es Snusi, who has a large religious following, and who has promised to come forward shortly as the *mo-hady* or guide expected by a large section of the Sunite as well as the Shiite Mussulmans. Next year he will attain the age of forty (the legal age of a prophet), and he may be expected to take a prominent part in any general movement that may then be on foot. But as yet we know nothing of him but his name and the fact of his sanctity, which is of Wahhabite type. Moreover, even supposing all that may be supposed of a possible success, there yet lies Egypt and the Suez Canal between the Barbary States and Mecca, so that I think we may be justified in these days of steam fleets and electric cables and European concerts, if we treat Africa as out of probable calculations in considering the future of the caliphate. It is remarkable that the sultan of Morocco, sherif though he be, has taken as yet no apparent part in the religious movement of modern Barbary.

The Mussulman princes of India hold a very similar position. Opposed as they soon may be, indeed must be if the unintelligent English policy of the last twenty years be persevered in, to an European government in arms, they will have the chance of making themselves a leading position in the eyes of Islam; and should a Mohammedan empire arise once more at Delhi or Hyderabad, India would certainly become *par excellence* the Dar el Islam. It would then be by far the richest and most populous of Mohammedan states, and able to outbid any other with the surrah it could send to Mecca. The Wakaf property in India at the present

day is supposed to be as valuable as that in the Ottoman empire, and it would then become a source of patronage with the government, instead of being privately remitted as now. If money alone could buy the caliphate, a successful leader of revolt against the English in India might dictate his terms to Islam. But again the insuperable obstacle intervenes of distance and the sea. Mussulman India could never give that protection to Mecca that Islam needs, and could not assert its sovereignty anywhere but at home in arms. Even this is assuming, as in the case of Barbary, an enormous postulate—success.

Neither India, then, nor western Africa can reasonably be expected to supply that substitute for the house of Othman which we need. A more apparent and in the opinion of some a likely candidate for the caliphate succession may be looked for in the viceregal family of Egypt. Mohammed Towfik, if he were a man of genius like his grandfather, or if, honest man as he is, he plays his cards with success, might in a few years become an important rival at Mecca to the sultan. To say nothing of its traditional connection with the caliphate, Egypt has the more modern recollection of Mehemet Ali to urge upon the Hejazi in its favor as the protecting State of Islam. Mehemet Ali's name and that of his successor Ibrahim Pasha, if not precisely popular, are at least respected at Mecca; and the latter possesses a great title to Sunite gratitude in having destroyed the Wahhabite empire in 1818. I have mentioned Mehemet Ali's ambition; and a similar ambition would seem to have occurred to Ismail, the late khedive. He, in the plenitude of his financial power, is stated to have expended large sums of money in subsidizing the sherifs with a view to possible contingencies at Constantinople. But unfortunately for him the opening of the Suez Canal, on which he had counted for securing him the support of Europe, proved the precise instrument of ruin for his scheme. The Porte in 1871, scenting danger to its own caliphal pretensions from this quarter, occupied the Red Sea in force, reinforced its garrisons in Jeddah and Yembo, advanced to Taif, and threw a large army into Yemen. This was alone made possible by the canal, and Ismail to his chagrin found himself "hoist with his own petard." Mohammed Towfik, therefore, would have some excuse in family tradition if he indulged occasionally in dreams of a similar nature. His connection with

Mecca is at the present day second only to that of Constantinople; the Egyptian khedivieh line of steamers plies constantly between Suez and Jeddah; and the haj the khedive sends to Mecca, including as it does most of the Mogrebbin pilgrims, is more numerous than the sultan's. He maintains intimate relations with one at least of the great sherifal families, and sends a mahmol yearly with an important surrah to Medina. Mohammed Towfik also has the deserved reputation of being a sincere Mussulman and an honest man, and it is certain that a large section of true liberal opinion looks to him as the worthiest supporter of its views. With all this I doubt if he be big enough a man to aspire as yet with success to Abd el Hamid's succession. The present viceroy's financial position, though we may hope sounder in its base, is not so immediately powerful as his father's; and much ready money will be required by an aspirant to the caliphate. His fighting power, too, is small, and he would have to proclaim himself in arms. Moreover—and this I fear will remain an insuperable difficulty—he is hampered with the control of Europe. Islam would hardly obey another caliph who was himself obedient to Christendom; and the same causes which have ruined the house of Othman, would also ruin him. A caliph, as things stand, cannot legally govern, except by the old canon law of the shariat, and though a lapsus from strict observance may be tolerated in an ordinary prince, or even in a well-established caliph, a new caliph putting forward a new claim would be more strictly bound. How could Mohammed Towfik's necessity to Islam be reconciled to his necessity to Europe? Between the two stools he hardly could avert a fall.

Unless, then, some unexpected religious hero should appear in eastern Asia, of which as yet there is no sign, we are driven to Arabia for a solution of the difficulty where to establish a Mussulman theocracy, and to the sherifal family of Mecca itself for a new dynasty.

The family of the sherifs has this vast advantage over any other possible competitor to the supreme title of Islam that it is of the acknowledged blood of that tribe of Koreysh which Mohammed himself designated as his heirs. Amongst many other passages of authority which bear upon the rights of the Koreysh the following seem to me the most explicit and the best worth quoting: "The Prophet," says a tradition of Omm Hani, daughter of Abutaleb, "exalted the Koreysh by

conferring on them seven prerogatives: the first, the *nebbuwat* (the fact that they had given birth to a prophet); the second, the *khalafat* (the succession); the third, the *hejabat* (the guardianship of the Kaaba); the fourth, the *sikayat* (the right of supplying water to the haj); the fifth, the *refadat* (the right of entertaining the haj); the sixth, the *nedwat* (the right of counsel, government); and the seventh, the *lewa* (possession of the banner, with the right of proclaiming war)." The Prophet also, according to another tradition, said, "As long as there remains one man of the Koreysh, so long shall that man be my successor;" and as to the Arab race, "If the Arab race falls Islam shall fall." All the world knows these things, and to the popular mind, especially, the sherif is already far more truly the representative of spiritual rank than any sultan or caliph is. The vast populations of southern and eastern Asia send out their pilgrims, not to Constantinople but to Mecca, and it is the sherif whom they find there supreme. The Turkish government in Hejaz holds a comparatively insignificant position, and the sultan's representative at Jeddah is hardly more than servant to the prince of Mecca. It is he who is the descendant of their Prophet, not the other, and though the learned may make distinctions in favor of the caliph the haj only hears of the sherif. Even at Constantinople, by immemorial custom, the sultan rises to receive members of the sacred family; and at Mecca it is commonly said that should a sultan make the haj in person he would be received by the grand sherif as an inferior. The sherifal family, then, is surrounded with a halo of religious prestige which would make their acquisition of the supreme temporal title appear natural to all but the races who have been in subjection to the Ottomans, and were a man of real ability to appear amongst them he would, in the crisis we have foreseen, be sure to find an almost universal following.

That the Ottoman government is perfectly aware of this is certain. Even in the days of its greatest power it always showed its jealousy and distrust of Mecca, and was careful when any of the grand sherifs acquired what was considered dangerous influence to supplant him by setting up a rival. Its physical power enabled it to do this, and though it could not abolish the office of the grand sheriefate it could interfere in the order of succession. Family feuds have, therefore, been at all times fostered by the Turks in

Hejaz, and will be, as long as their presence there is tolerated. An excellent example of their system has recently been given in the episode of the late grand shérif's death, and the story of it will serve also to show the fear entertained by the present sultan of this his great spiritual rival. To tell it properly I must go back to the epoch of the Wahhabite invasion of Hejaz in 1808.

At that time, and for the latter half of the previous century, the supreme dignity of the shérifal house was held by a branch of it known as the Dewy Zeyd (the word *dewy* is used in Hejaz, as are elsewhere *beni* or *ahl*, meaning *people*, *family*, *house*), which had replaced in 1750 the Barakat branch, mentioned by Niebuhr as in his day supreme. The actual holder of the title was Ghaleb Ibn Mesaad, and he, finding himself unable to contend against the Wahhabis, became himself a Wahhabi. Consequently, when Mehemet Ali appeared at Mecca in 1812, his first act was to depose this Ghaleb, in spite of his protest that he had returned to orthodoxy, to appoint another member of the shérifal house in his place. The shérif chosen was Yahia Ibn Serur, of a rival branch, the Dewy Aoun, and a bitter animosity was, by this means, engendered between the two families of Aoun and Zeyd, which is continued to the present day. Nor, as may be supposed, was this lessened by the subsequent changes rung by the Turkish and Egyptian governments in their appointments to the office, for, in 1827, we find Abd el Mutalleb, the son of the deposed Wahhabite Ghaleb, reappointed, and in the following year again, Mohammed, the son of Yahia Ibn Aoun, an intrigue which brought on a civil war. Then in 1848 a new intrigue reinstated Abd el Mutalleb and the Zeyds; and then, in 1853, these were again deposed for rebellion, and an Aoun was placed in power. From 1853 till 1880 the Aouns retained the grand shérifate and were supreme in Hejaz. Coming into power at a time when Liberal ideas were in the ascendant they have consistently been Liberal, and still represent the more humane and progressive party among the Meccans. In the desert, where all are latitudinarian, they are the popular party; and, though themselves beyond a suspicion of unorthodoxy, they have always shown a tolerant spirit towards the Shiahs and other heretics, with whom the shérifal authority necessarily comes in contact every year at the haj. They have even maintained friendly terms with the Euro-

pean element at Jeddah, and as long as they remained in power the relations between India and Mecca were of an amicable nature. Abdallah Ibn Aoun, the son of Mohammed, who succeeded his father in 1858, and reigned for nineteen years, was a man of considerable ability, and he is credited with having had views of so advanced a nature as to include the opening of Hejaz to European trade. Nor was his brother, who in 1877 became grand shérif, of a less liberal mind. Though of less ability than Abdallah, he is described as eminently humane and virtuous, and it is certain that, with the exception of his hereditary enemies, the Zeyds, he was universally beloved by the Hejazi. So much was this the case that, in the year following the disastrous Russian war, when Constantinople seemed on the point of dissolution, the Arabs began to talk openly of making El Husseyn Ibn Aoun caliph in the sultan's place. I have not been able to ascertain that El Husseyn himself indulged the ambitious project of his friends, for he was eminently a man of peace, and the caliphal title would hardly have given him a higher position than he held. But it is certain that his popularity gave umbrage at Constantinople, the more so as Abd el Hamid could not and dared not depose him. El Husseyn, too, became specially obnoxious to the reactionary party, when it resolved at last to quarrel with England, for he and his family persisted in remaining on friendly terms with the British government on all occasions when the interest of Indian subjects of her Majesty's came in question at the haj. For this reason, principally, it would seem his death was resolved on to make room for the agent of a new policy.

On the 14th of March, 1880, Jeddah was the scene of a solemn pageant. The haj was just over, and the seaport of Mecca crowded with pilgrims was waiting for the grand shérif, the descendant of the Prophet and the representative of the sacred house of Ali, to give the blessing of his presence to the last departing votaries. Travelling by night from Mecca, El Husseyn and his retinue appeared at dawn outside the city walls, and when it was morning mounted on a white mare from Nejd, and, preceded by his escort of Koresh Arabs and the sultan's guard of honor, he rode into the town. The streets of Jeddah are narrow and tortuous, and the way from the gate to the house of Omar Nassif, his agent, where he was accustomed to alight, was thronged with

pious folk, who struggled for the privilege of kissing his feet and the hem of his Arab cloak. He had nearly reached the place when an old beggar from the crowd pushed his way forward, asking loudly for alms in the name of God. It was an appeal not to be denied, and as the sheriff turned to those near him to order a contribution from the bag kept for such distributions, the old man rose upon him, and drawing a ragged knife (so it was described to me) struck him in the belly. At first, even those who saw the deed hardly knew what had happened, for El Husseyn did not fall or dismount, and without speaking rode on to the house. There he was lifted from his mare and carried to an upper chamber, and in the course of some hours he expired.

Those nearest him, meanwhile, had seized and cudgelled the old man, and some of the escort had taken him to the guard-house. When it became known what had happened, a great cry arose in Jeddah, and old and young, and women and children, and citizens and strangers wept together. I have heard the scene described as one beyond description moving, and the women shrieked and wailed the whole night long. El Husseyn was beloved, and he was taken in the flower of his manhood.

No satisfactory judicial investigation seems to have been made of the deed, though a formal mejlis was held at Mecca whither the assassin was immediately transferred, and on the fourth day he was publicly executed. Who and what he was it is difficult to determine. The Turkish bulletin on the event described him as a Persian fanatic, but no one confessed to having known him, and those who saw and spoke to him while in custody maintain that he was an Afghan and a Sunnite. He seems to have given half-a-dozen contradictory accounts of himself; but the general impression remains that he came from Turkey and was by profession a dervish. He had not come with the haj, but had been first noticed as a beggar at Mecca ten days before when he had asked and received an alms of the sheriff, and had since been several times found obtrusively in El Husseyn's path. No one at Jeddah holds the Turkish governor to have been cognizant of the crime. He was personally on good terms with El Husseyn, and has since been disgraced; but all point to the Stamboul Camarilla and even the sultan himself as its author. It is known that Abd el Hamid constantly employs dervishes as his spies and pri-

vate agents, and some who pretend to know best affirm that the old man received his mission directly from the caliph. I do not affect to decide upon the point, but think the *onus probandi* to lie with those who would deny it. Assassination of a dangerous rival or of too powerful a chieftain has been the resource time out of mind of the Ottoman sovereigns, and they can hardly claim indulgence now from public opinion. The sheykh of the dervishes is all powerful with his fanatical followers, and he is the sultan's servant; a word from him would doubtless have secured the services of twenty such devotees. One circumstance points decidedly to Constantinople. It is known in Jeddah that El Husseyn's successor, who had long been resident at Constantinople, sent orders to his agent at Jeddah to prepare for his return as grand sheriff two months before El Husseyn, who was a young man, died, and that he had, moreover, despatched most of his baggage in anticipation. The last words of the old assassin are curious. Having done his deed he seemed quite happy, and neither ate nor drank, but prepared for the next world. A little while before he was executed he related a story. "There was once," he said, "an elephant, a great and noble beast, and to him God sent a gnat, the smallest thing which is. It stung him on the trunk and the elephant died. Allah Kerim: God is merciful."

El Husseyn's successor, the man for whom room was made, and who knew beforehand that it was to be made, was none other than the aged and twice deposed Abd el Mutalleb, the son of the Wahhabite Ghaleb, the fiercest fanatic of the Dewy Zeyd.

I have not room here to describe in detail the effect of this *coup d'état* on the political aspect of Hejaz. For the moment the reactionary party is in power at Mecca, as it is at Constantinople, Abd el Mutalleb is supported by Turkish bayonets, and the Aoun family and the Liberals are suffering persecution at Mecca, while the sherifal court, which had hitherto been most friendly to England, has become the focus of Indian discontent. Outside the town all is disorder. It is sufficient for the present if I have shown that there is in Hejaz an element of spiritual power already existing side by side with the sultan, of which advantage may one day be taken to provide him with a natural successor. If no new figure should appear on the political horizon of Islam when the Ottoman empire dies, suf-

ficiently commanding to attract the allegiance of the Mussulman world (and of such there is as yet no sign), it is certainly to the sherifal family of Mecca that the mass of Mohammedans would look for a representative of their supreme headship and of that caliphate of which they stand in need. The transfer of the seat of spiritual power from Constantinople to Mecca would be an easy and natural one, and would hardly disturb the existing ideas of the vulgar, while it would harmonize with all the traditions of the learned. Mecca or Medina would on the extinction of Constantinople become almost of necessity the legal home of the Ahl el Agde, and might easily become the acknowledged centre of spiritual power. All whom I have spoken to on the subject agree that the solution would be an acceptable one to every school of ulema except the distinctly Turkish schools. Indeed "Mecca, the seat of the caliphate" is, as far as I have had an opportunity of judging, the cry of the day with Mussulmans; nor is it one likely to lose strength in the future. Like the cry of "*Roma capitale*," it seems to exercise a strong influence on the imagination of all to whom it is suggested, and when to that is added "a caliphate from the Koreysh," the idea is to Arabs at least irresistible. How indeed should it be otherwise when we look back on history?

For my own part, though I do not pretend to determine the course events will take, I consider this notion of a return to Mecca decidedly the most probable of all the contingencies we have reviewed, and the one which gives the best promise of renewed spiritual life for Islam. Politically the caliph at Mecca would of course be less important than now on the Bosphorus; but religiously he would have a far more assured footing. Every year the pilgrimage from every part of the world would visit him, and instead of representing a mere provincial school of thought, he would then be a true metropolitan for all schools and all nations. The Arabian element in Islam would certainly support such a nomination, and it must be remembered that Arabia extends from Morocco to Bushire; and so would the Indian and the Malay—indeed every element but the Turkish, which is day by day becoming of less importance. I have even heard it affirmed that a caliphate of the Koreysh at Mecca would go far towards reconciling the Schismatics, Abadhites, and Shiabs with orthodoxy; and I have reason to believe that it would so affect the Liberal

three-quarters of Wahhabism. To the Shiabs, especially, a descendant of Ali could not but be acceptable; and to the Arabs of Oman and Yemen a caliph of the Koreysh would be at least less repugnant than a caliph of the Beni Othman. There certainly have of late years been symptoms of less bitterness between these schismatics and their old enemies, the Sunites; and such a change in the conditions of the caliphate might conceivably bring about a full reconciliation of all parties. Mussulmans can no longer afford to fight each other as of old; and I know that a reunion of the sects is already an idea with advanced thinkers. Lastly, the caliphate would in Arabia be freed from the incubus of Turkish scholasticism and the stigma of Turkish immorality, and would have freer scope for what Islam most of all requires, a moral reformation.

It is surely not beyond the flight of sane imagination to suppose, in the last overwhelming catastrophe of Constantinople, a council of ulema assembling at Mecca, and according to the legal precedent of ancient days electing a caliph. The assembly would, without doubt, witness intrigues of princes and quarrels among schoolmen and appeals to fanaticism and accusations of infidelity. Money, too, would certainly play its part there as elsewhere, and perhaps blood might be shed. But any one who remembers the history of the Christian Church in the fifteenth century, and the synods which preceded the Council of Basle, must admit that such accompaniments of intrigue and corruption are no bar to a legal solution of religious difficulties. It was above all else the rivalries of popes and antipopes that precipitated the Catholic Reformation.

But I reserve this portion of my argument for another paper.

WILFRID SAWEN BLUNT.

From Chambers' Journal.

MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

TROUBLE THE FIFTH.

LIKE Silas Wegg, I feel this morning as if I must e'en drop into poetry, in order to convey to the sober English minds of my readers a faint idea of the great wonder of this Russian spring after the long-protracted sway of Winter. I have watched him creep scowling away to the hills, dragging after him his trailing skirts of rattling ice. And now spring is splitting

her sides with mirth. She has it all her own way now. I see her sit on the margin of the stirring woods, weaving the sunbeams into her streaming tresses. She gaily tosses in the sun the vernal tassels of her robe, whilst, like that wondrous maiden in the fairy tale, she scatters jewels over the ground at every lisp of her gracious lips. And the lark, her minnesinger, is as mad as she. He showers his rapturous notes so full and fast that he is choking himself in his ecstasy. As I try to catch a glimpse of him up there in the dazzling void, I think of that emulous thrush who sang so long and so tenderly that he burst his little ambitious heart and fell dead. Take care of yourself, sweet heavenward messenger.

And I am off for a holiday! At this moment I am toiling up a steep hill in the rear of the diligence which runs between Dorpat and Riga. I am bound for a "station" midway between the two towns, where a carriage is to meet me, and convey me to my destination, a pretty country estate in the interior of Livonia. I am in the humor to enjoy everything; even the clouds of dust in which we are enveloped are capital fun. A very little provocation would make me cut a caper in the faces of the solemn German baker who is trudging by my side, and the two Russian priests at our backs. They keep at a lofty distance from us, handling their long, loose robes as women do their petticoats. They have their perfumed locks plaited, to preserve them from the dust. We have eight hours of it together; and seated cooped up in a stuffy diligence is not very amusing on a spring day. I make the best of it. I am delighted each time that we come to a hill, and there is an excuse to get out and walk. Oh, what I would give to sit on the box beside the driver; but decorum forbids! At midday, the sun beats fiercely — "it stings," as the Germans say; and all through the afternoon, I have enough to do fanning myself with my straw hat, which I have taken off for the purpose, and wiping the dust and moisture from my heated face.

When we reach the place where my fellow-travellers and I part company, it is six o'clock, and the sun is sloping to the west. I spring to the ground like an india-rubber ball, and look round, like a second Cinderella, for my carriage. It must be in the rear of the building, for it certainly is not visible. The station-master appears on the scene.

"Is there a carriage come from Waimel?" I ask eagerly.

I am answered in the negative. This is the first damper to my spirits. But I instantaneously rise above it. Of course not! How could I expect it to be waiting? What a goose I am! I might have remembered what a long way it had to come. I may have to wait half an hour, or even an hour. But what does it matter? Meanwhile, my luggage has been placed on the veranda; fresh horses have been put to the diligence, and I watch it drive away, leaving me behind. The station-master is gone to his own part of the building, quite away from the waiting-room, and I am alone.

What a dead stillness lies about the place! I wander a few steps from the door; but it is an unlovable spot. Nothing but sand, and a dreary, treeless tract of common, with here and there a tumble-down, smoked-stained cabin. They, too, look still and lifeless. Not a human being, nor as much as a dog, to be seen; nor is there the faintest curl of smoke rising from the roofs, to break the motionless dreary calm. The mist is beginning to rise in the hollows; I can feel its chill breath parting the warm, dry air which envelops me where I stand. I shiver, and retrace my steps to the office.

The waiting-room is like all such waiting-rooms here — a square, unsightly den, with bare, whitewashed walls; bare, beer-stained deal table; bare floor; bare, staring windows, two in number; two deal chairs, and a settle. I look ruefully round as I enter. What shall I do with myself? How beguile the time till the carriage comes? I recollect that I have a few books in my box. I fish up the first I lay my hands upon, which proves to be a volume of Schiller; it will answer my purpose as well as another; so I draw a chair to the window, sit resolutely down, and open its pages at "The Robbers."

I am just beginning to read, when the blaze of light on my book makes me look up. The sun is just dropping behind the distant fringe of firs; there is little of him left, save a tress or two of his yellow hair rippling along the horizon; but the rays of his departing glory shoot upwards, and bathe the earth, the heavens, and the solitary station-house in a flood of golden light. Even the cheerless room in which I sit is for a moment metamorphosed. He takes me, too, into his good-night embrace. Now he is gone, and the gray shades of evening creep slowly on.

Surely the carriage cannot be long now? My heart aches with the sense of loneliness. If a bird would sing, or even

a dog bark, it would be relief. What is that? A stir in the *vorhaus* or entrance room. It is not a human footfall; it is a dragging, shuffling sound, unlike anything I have ever heard before. I do not like it. I half rise to my feet with my eyes fixed on the half-open door, when the door is pushed open, and I fall back into my seat paralyzed with terror. What I see is a man—but a man raving mad, with the foam clinging to his beard! He creeps slowly nearer, with arms outstretched; and his nails are long and sharp, like an eagle's talons. His hair, like the mane of a wild beast, is matted and lustreless; and he is clad in a coarse serge gown, held together at the waist by a piece of knotted rope. He drags himself nearer—nearer, and gurgling noises proceed from his throat as he approaches me. I feel his scorching breath upon my cheek, and cannot stir. He bends over me, and puts a claw upon my shoulder. The spell is broken. With a sudden bound—so sudden that he is taken unawares—I am away under his arm, and have gained the door. I slam it behind me. I fly with feet that scarcely touch the ground across the vestibule, through another door, into a passage, and find myself at length in a bedroom. Through the confusion of all my mental faculties, I am led by a vague idea of seeking the inhabited part of the building and the aid of fellow-men; but the room I have fled to is deserted. Yet it is a refuge, and I dare not leave it to seek a safer. The door is between me and my terrible pursuer. For a wonder, it is furnished with a bolt. I draw it, and fall upon the available furniture, all panting and giddy, and pile it too against the door. Then my quivering, enervated body gives way, and I sink upon the floor.

I hear the shuffling feet in the passage, the heavy breathing, and the awful gurgle in the throat; I hear him rubbing his body against the door like a savage beast in the woods. Then the dragging footsteps retire. I lay my head down on the bare deal boards, and I suppose I must have fainted, for I know no more, until I seem to waken out of a sleep, confused and dismayed. It is pitch dark, and my hands and feet are numb with cold. I sit up, and recollection rushes upon me. I listen fearfully. All is still. I know I am safe, and that the coast is clear; but I dare not for my life issue forth to seek assistance. Meanwhile, my mind is tortured by surmises. Is the carriage waiting for me? Have they sought me, and

not finding me, returned without me? This thought makes my bitter tears flow. I am utterly helpless and desolate; it is dark, and I am shivering with cold; and oh, how perfectly miserable I am! I weep, until I begin to wonder where all the tears come from. At last, I hear the sound of footsteps in the passage; they stop at the door, and some one knocks.

"Who is there?" I ask, in a snuffy, suffocated voice, which sounds as if it belonged to some one else, as I scramble to my feet and begin to drag away the furniture.

"It is Mina," is the reply, in the soft Esthonian tongue. "Does *präuli* [miss] want anything?"

"Oh, wait, wait, dear Mina!" I cry, breaking my nails over the removal of the toilet-table. I feel as if this unknown Esthonian maid is a much-loved sister, or an angel from heaven, so overjoyed am I to hear a human voice. When I succeed in getting the door open, I astonish her by falling into her arms and shedding more tears on her shoulder. She cannot understand me; it would be strange if she could; but she is a good, tender-hearted soul, and tries her best to soothe me. She leads me along the passage; and opening a door at the end, I stand in the cheerful blaze of the kitchen fire. Oh, how comforting it is, after all those terrible hours of fear, darkness, cold, and loneliness, to sit in the full blaze and spread out my numb fingers to the warmth! The cook—the only other inmate of the kitchen—is stooping over an immense pan, preparing milk soup for supper. She looks round at me—I am a strange apparition, no doubt—with wide eyes of amaze.

"Has the carriage come to take me away?" is my first question.

"No; there has been no carriage," is the response.

"Then I must stay here," I said to myself, "at this awful place, all night;" and a fresh wave of distress washes over my already very sorrowful heart.

Mina comforts me. "I will make it all right for *präuli*. She will have some nice warm soup, and go to bed; and tomorrow, when she wakens, the carriage will be there to take her away."

Then I tell her of my fright. The cook puts her hands on her hips, and listens too. They exchange glances of comprehension as I describe the appearance of the maniac; and when I have told all, Mina says: "Yes; that was mad Yahn.

He lives on the waste with his brother, the *perri maes* [small farmer]. But he would not have harmed *präuli*."

"Harmed me!" I exclaim. "He is mad, stark mad, and would have torn me in pieces, if I had not escaped from his clutches. It is a shame to let such people go at large."

"But where is he to go, poor demented man? He is one of God's creatures, as well as the best of us."

"Why do they not send him to the mad asylum? He would be taken care of there, and would not be allowed to go about terrifying people out of their wits."

But I cannot make Mina understand what I mean by a lunatic asylum; she has never heard of such a place. I explain it to her, and tell her how our government takes care of mad people in my own country. But she shakes her head doubtfully. It is better to let the "unfortunates"—as she humanely calls them—roam at will in God's world; and she tells me how mad folks can see and converse with spirits, and how they understand the language of the animals.

But the soup is ready, and the lights—a pair of candles—to show me to the waiting-room.

"No, no," I entreat; "let me have my supper with you, Mina. I cannot go back to that awful place."

So I sit down with those two Esthonian maids, and feel warmed and comforted, and eat a hearty supper after all my sufferings. I do not know whether the station-master and his wife know where I am, and what I am doing, but they never appear; and I am lighted to bed by the kindly Mina. When she leaves me, I bolt my door; and so weary am I, that the madman does not even haunt my pillow, but I close my tired eyelids, and fall into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

TROUBLE THE SIXTH.

I AM up with—I had almost said the lark; but in the cause of truth, I must even descend to the level of the cocks and hens; for it is none other than a bevy of these unpoetical birds which have crowed and cackled me out of bed this morning. My bedroom window looks into a back court, where the stables are, and I behold a carriage. "At last!" I say aloud, as I rush like a whirlwind through my toilet. As I am tying on my hat—for I must make quite ready to start—Mina knocks at my door.

"Come in," I sing, too much elated to modify my voice into sobriety.

"Ah, *präuli* is clever; she is up and dressed!"

"Yes," I say, cutting her short; "and the carriage has come to take me away, Mina!"

"*Ei, ei, präuli* [No, no, miss]; that is the great gentry's carriage who are at breakfast in the waiting-room," she explains.

"Not the carriage from Waimel?" I exclaim, as I sink despairingly into a chair.

"It is early still. *Präuli* must not expect too soon. It is only five o'clock, and the journey from Waimel is six hours; she must not expect before ten."

There is reason in what Mina says; so I slowly untie my hat, and sigh as I mentally count the hours from five to ten. Five long hours, I think, before I need begin even to expect.

"I will serve *präuli's* breakfast in the waiting-room," Mina says at the door; "the kitchen is full of men."

"I will wait until those people are gone," I reply, as I take my stand at the window and watch them change the horses. The lumbering family chariot clatters out of the court, looking for all the world like an ill-favored grasshopper on its high springs; and I listen until I hear the bell—without which the Russian coachman is loath to travel—ringing into the distance.

I take my solitary meal, solemnly and slowly; I stare vacantly out of the window; I go out and sit on my box in the veranda—but still no carriage.

A bell in the distance! I am in the middle of the road, shading my eyes with my hand. It is only a droschke, filled with students on their way to Dorpat. They are, as usual, noisy and idiotic; so I deem it best to retire to my bedroom until they are gone; but I leave the door ajar to listen. Of course they order beer. They must be Russians and Germans, for they are mixing up the two languages.

"Mees M. Estvood!" I hear drawled out. They are reading the address on my handbag. "An English Mees. I know her, Fritz; she has red hair and green spectacles."

"And they call her Meary!" cackles another.

"No; hold your tongues! I remember the lady perfectly; she is an ancient friend of my family, and I love her! True, she has only one eye; but she lost the other in a noble cause. It was scratched out whilst its owner was defending my

honor against calumny." This witticism is received with a roar.

"Idiots! dolts!" I hiss between closed teeth, and shut my door with a bang. I hear another roar of laughter, in which I faintly join, for the eye business amuses me. They too rattle away, leaving cigar-ash and beer-dregs behind them; and I return to my box-lid and my anxious watch.

It is twelve o'clock at noon, and still no carriage! I can no longer sit still, but pace the veranda from side to side as I have seen a hyena do its cage. What am I to do? My letter must have miscarried.

At this moment, the station-master—oh, wonder to relate!—condescends to seek me. "I fear there must be some mistake, madam, about the carriage from Waimel," he says. "Of course you wrote?"

"Of course I did. And told my friends that I would leave Dorpat by diligence yesterday morning."

"Ah, well, then, the letter must have miscarried, and it is no use waiting."

"But what shall I do?" I cry. "I had better write again."

"That would oblige you to send a messenger, and you would have to stay here another night. No; you had better travel post," he suggests.

Post! Why have I never thought of this? Of course I will take a postchaise. I must be demented not to have thought of it before. The station-master retires to give the orders and get his bill; and in a few minutes I have turned my back—oh, how thankfully!—on that most dreary of stations.

My readers, are you acquainted with that instrument of torture, a Russian postchaise? If you are not, avoid it as you would a pestilence, if you value your bones. It is a short wooden cart, higher at the back than the front; it jolts, and, where the roads are rough, jumps along on two high wheels. Your seat is a wisp of straw at the bottom, and your luggage forms a rasping support for your back behind. You can only sit with your legs stretched straight out before you, which position after the first hour is the rack. I have been in it an hour and more, and am holding my head with both hands, to prevent my brains jumbling together; for we are tearing up a hill—we always tear up hills in Russia—in that most lovely part of Livonia called the "Livonian Switzerland." My driver has a wild, unkempt look—ferocious, I think—as he shouts to his horses with upraised hand; but I

am too much occupied with the care of my brains to trouble much about his appearance at present. Thank Providence, we are at the top of the hill, and at walking pace, the horses steaming with the exertion, and I can look about me, even with the cramp in my limbs, and admire the scenery. It is impressively wild and solitary. To my right a steep hill rises, clad in dark-green firs, interspersed with the graceful, feathery birch; to my left, a deep ravine, from which we are divided by a low wall. I can hear the water tumbling at its foot, though I cannot see it for trees. There is not so much as a peasant's hut to remind me of human existence. We are alone with nature.

As I gaze—oh, woe is me!—my thoughts, I know not why, revert to an awful tale. I had heard of a murder which occurred last winter on the Neva. A gentleman had left St. Petersburg for Cronstadt in a droschke, and was never afterwards seen or heard of. It was presumed that the unfortunate man had been murdered by the driver, his pockets plundered, and his body thrust into one of the many holes in the ice. These things were of frequent occurrence. For several minutes, I see no more of the scenery. I am alone with this man. It could all be done in a few moments. No one would be any the wiser. He could murder me, throw my body over the wall, and take possession of my belongings. People would wonder for a time what had become of the English girl. My friends at Dorpat and Waimel would perhaps exchange letters on the subject, and lose themselves in surmises; but they would never suspect my fate. And my own people would wonder, blame, and fret; would think perhaps that I had forgotten them, whilst my bones rotted in a Russian ravine. I look up at my driver. He is a powerful man, broad-shouldered, with long, tawny hair flowing in the wind. At this moment, in my present state of mind, even a back view suggests any number of murders! But it has evidently not occurred to him yet what a chance is here; for he sits quietly on his box with slackened reins and listless mien. By degrees, however, as I am still alive and nothing is being done, I grow more calm; one cannot be always in a panic; and I am inclined to laugh now at my foolish alarm. We have torn up more hills and walked along more levels, and I have almost dismissed the disagreeable subject from my mind, when the chaise suddenly stops.

The blood rushes to my heart. The

driver is slowly descending. "Farewell, earth! Farewell, mother! You will never know the fate of your poor child." He has thrown the reins on to the horses' backs, and turns and looks me full in the face. I do not know how I look or what I do; but he looks away again, and begins slowly to unbutton his coat. He is feeling in his pockets. Seeking the wherewith to murder me! I think. Not yet. It is a flask of *vodka*. He will make himself mad drunk, and then! He takes a long pull. My heart beats so violently, that I seem to feel the chaise give a jerk at every throb. He returns the flask to his pocket, and fumbles again. I watch as one might watch an adversary who holds the muzzle of a pistol to one's forehead. He brings out something — I cannot see distinctly from the over-straining of my eyes. It is — gracious powers! — a clasp-knife, and he clicks out a cruel glittering blade. I cover my eyes, and try to say my prayers. I am distractedly entreating for "my daily bread," poor, wretched, half-crazed soul; and I am still not murdered, and there is perfect silence. So I take a peep at him through my fingers. He is searching his pockets again. This time, for a whetstone, to make the work more sure! I think. But I still watch with a grim, despairing curiosity. He produces a strange-looking brown mass. What is it? I widen the breach between my fingers, and bring another eye to bear upon it. I cannot make it out. He is again groping in a pocket; and at length brings up a short stick, and I recognize it in a moment, and feel more steady — the gay china bowl of a pipe! He adjusts it to the stem, and — hurrah! begins solemnly to shove down the brown mass into it with his pocket-knife. It is *karria yaak*! And he is not going to murder me.

He fills his pipe, good, honest fellow; lights it leisurely with a flint and steel, and leaning his mighty shoulder against a tree, surveys the country, as he dreamily draws in the smoke of his beloved weed. How could I have supposed that placid, sheepish face to belong to a murderer? I positively blush for very shame at myself for my cowardly fancies.

But now that this violent revulsion of feeling has come, an almost deadly languor overtakes me. I believe if he wanted to murder me now, I should scarcely struggle; my arms are like weights of lead. The chaise may jump over stones and do its worst. When we are again in motion, I fall into a heavy

doze, and only regain consciousness when we are rattling over the round paving-stones of the little town of Verro. In a few minutes we are driving into the quiet grass-grown court of Waimel; and I am tumbling out of the straw at the bottom of the chaise, a jaded, dusty, creased, dishevelled, hysterical bundle, into the arms of my friend.

"Why have you come upon us this way? Why did you not write, as was arranged, and we would have sent the carriage to meet you?" are the breathless questions which greet me.

"I did write!" I cry; "and I have been waiting at the office since yesterday afternoon."

"And we have never got your letter!"

An hour later, when we are seated, a merry party, round the tea-table, and I am relating the story of my adventures, a servant brings in the postbag. The contents are turned out. There are business letters for the baron, the Dorpat and Riga Gazettes, and last of all, my retarded letter, which has cost me so much suffering.

My story is done, though I have not told you one-half of the troubles I have gone through. But before I take leave, I would give my readers a word of advice. If they love order, and would keep their heads cool and free from revolutionary principles, let them not make a lengthened stay in Russia!

From Fraser's Magazine.

LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL VENICE.

VENICE is known to every one as a city of palaces, of artistic splendor, and of canals, from which all life and glory has long since passed away. What that life and glory were at their height is but vaguely realized in stories of lavish gaiety in domestic life, and of dark mysteries in the autocracy of the Council of Ten. Let us repeople Venice with the assistance of her own chroniclers, eye-witnesses of the scenes which passed around them: let us try to see her as she was, the better to value what is left of her.

Before entering upon her inner life and its magnificence, we must first of all introduce ourselves to the Companies of the Stocking, the *della calza* brethren, whose office it was exclusively to make gorgeous with display that life amongst the lagunes. In 1400, when Michele Steno was elected doge, Venice was kept in a state of whirling festivity by a band

of young men, who gave themselves the title of *Compagni della Calza*, from a colored badge they wore on their stocking.* So successful were these young men in arranging ceremonies that the Stocking company rapidly grew into an institution; not only Venetians but also worthy foreigners entered the ranks of gaiety, and subsequently ladies too, who wore the badge on one of their long, flowing sleeves. The companions divided themselves into numerous groups, the Immortals, the Eternals, the Powerful, and so forth, each with their own especial dress, and, as behoved the leaders of fashionable Venice, they wore garments of surpassing beauty.

At their *réunions* the *coup d'œil* was dazzling; they wore jackets of velvet embroidered with gold, they had bushy cuffs of lace appearing from beneath their sleeves; over their shoulders was cast a mantle of golden cloth, of damask, or of crimson velvet; on their heads they wore black or scarlet caps ornamented at the peak with a rich jewel, which hung down over their right ear; their hair was worn long and flowing, or else plaited with silken threads; on their legs were the tight-fitting stockings of the order; whilst their pointed shoe was another excuse for the display of diamonds.

The brethren of the Stocking were the embodiment of all that was rich and glorious in ancient Venice. No private feast, no nuptial ceremony, no public or ducal reception was conducted without their assistance; ever ready were they to disperse themselves through the city to organize festivity. Instead of the old mystery plays they introduced gorgeous representations of old Roman plays, and thereby materially assisted in furthering theatrical enterprise; not even a Church festival was considered well conducted under other supervision than theirs.

When Henry III. of France, and king of Poland, was on his return to Paris to take up the government which had devolved upon him by the death of Catharine de' Medici's two elder sons, he passed through Venice, and the reception given to him by the queen of the Adriatic is a fair specimen of numerous other displays of a like nature.†

On the Venetian frontier a goodly number of senators and councillors met the king; his gondola was spread with gold brocade, the nobles told off to attend

upon him were dressed in flowing robes of silk: sixty halberdiers as guards of honor wore liveries of orange-colored silk, and carried ancient battle-axes.

Four hundred rowers sped the royal craft on its way to the Lido, followed by countless gondolas of the nobility draped in cloth of gold, and resplendent with mirrors and arms. On the Lido was erected a triumphal arch, of which Palladio, the celebrated Vicenzan, had been the architect, and which Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese had painted. The king was lodged in the Foscari palace, adorned for the purpose with everything that was rich in tapestry and gold. But the banquet in the evening was the most striking ceremony. It took place at the Giudecca, just over against the favorite hotel of modern Venice; the royal gondola glided down the Grand Canal, amidst soft-sounding music, and at the steps the monarch was received by twelve noblemen, dressed in picturesque mariners' costume, blue satin with scarlet facings, each with a lady in white resting on his arm. Three thousand guests were awaiting the king's advent in the courtyard, resplendent with jewels and gold brocade. To while away the time before the banquet was announced, an acrobat performed gymnastic feats, for the edification of the guest, and all around was assembled a sparkling fleet of gondolas with their torches and gilded prows, and their crimson damask coverings floating in the waves, for there were no sumptuary laws in those days, and no restraint on display.

Tables were laid to accommodate the three thousand. For the royal entertainment a curious surprise was prepared. Henry was invited to seat himself at a table made entirely of sugar; the napkins, plates, knives, forks, etc., were all made of that commodity; so good was the deception that the king complacently sat down, but, on taking up his napkin, he found it crumbled beneath his grasp. The plate before the king had upon it the figure of a queen seated on two tigers, which had on their breasts the arms of France and Poland. On the right of the royal seat were two sugar lions with a Pallas, and a Justice of like material, whilst on his left stood a sugar St. Mark, and a sugar David, and on the table were spread horses, trees, ships, etc., all of sugar. After the repast twelve hundred and sixty figures of sugar were distributed amongst the fair sex as a pleasing memorial of the event.

After this episode the king was taken

* Tentori, *Saggio sulla Storia di Venezia*.

† Della Croce, *Storia della pubblica e famosa entrata in Venezia del serenissimo Henrico III.*

to a more substantial table, and to food of a more substantial character. At the intervals of the courses comedies were acted and poems sung; around the hall were planted rare trees and odorous plants; baskets full of fruit hung from the ceiling, and tame hares, rabbits, and birds were chained amongst the trees with silken cords. The repast lasted for four hours, and ninety courses passed before the royal eyes; and then at the end of all things a huge pie was opened from which issued birds; and the guests arose to give them chase, the prize for the largest bag being an ostrich egg set in gold. With this began the dancing and revelry of the evening.

These public banquets were imitated extensively in private life. Four to five hundred ducats was an ordinary sum for a Venetian to spend on an entertainment. The art of cooking was carried to a ridiculous excess; into every dish it was deemed necessary to cast some gold dust to give it what they termed "the heart."*

In 1515, shortly after the successful battle of Marignano, the Venetians prepared to enjoy right well the espousal of Benedetto Grimani with the daughter of Vettor Pisani. The Company of the Stocking as usual undertook the arrangement of the ceremony; they prepared a perfect fleet of gondolas all decked with crimson and gold, to follow the raised barge which bore the bride and bridegroom from the Pisani Palace; at the landing-stage for the Piazza S. Marco was prepared a novelty for water-locked Venice, no less than a cavalcade of richly caparisoned horses which carried the bridal party twice round the square, in which banners and garlands hung from every window.

A hundred ladies laden with jewels accompanied the bride, who was dressed in crimson velvet, to the altar of St. Mark. Torch-bearers, trumpeters, and halberdiers accompanied the procession; the councillors and procurators of the republic sat in the choir. After the ceremony a grand banquet was given at the Pisani palace at which the doge, the bride's uncle, was present. The bride prostrated herself weeping at the ducal feet, and implored her uncle's blessing before the gilded gondola bore her and her husband down the Grand Canal to spend their honeymoon in the Contarini palace.

At these weddings ceremonies the best man, or *compare dell' anello*, had a

weary time of it; his duties were numerous, and the gift expected of him for the bride most expensive. At the Grimani wedding the best man gave the bride an embalmed sable with a chain of solid gold around its neck.*

In the days of old Venetian simplicity, a settled time was appointed for the assembling together of the virgins of the town, out of whom each youth selected as his bride the one that pleased him best in the presence of public officials. When the ranks of beauty had been well thinned, a provident legislature enacted that the fair *fiancées* should disburse a sum of money to serve as a dowry for those less gifted by nature to enable them to secure husbands.†

As centuries rolled on, "dower hunting" became a vice amongst the youths of Venice, to such an extent that special legislation was requisite to keep it in check. A decree of the Senate,‡ April 9, 1555, asserts that "the youths no longer give themselves to business in the city, nor to navigation, nor to other laudable industries, putting all their trust in the said excessive doweries." Hence it was found necessary to put a restriction on the same.

The wedding ceremonies in the humbler class were a reflex of the display in which people of a more exalted position indulged. Yet in private life some of the customs, which are in existence even to-day, had their origin. The roughest peasant-boy fisherman, if he would woo his Phyllis, must needs deck himself in velvet, and be redolent with perfumes. If the suit was acceptable, both families would meet round a festive board, when the pledge or golden ring was given by the swain to his intended. During the probationary period of engagement numerous and curious gifts were exchanged between the lovers. At Easter time the young man came with a cake (*focaccia*); at Christmas with an almond cake and mustard; on All Saints Day with sweets called *fava*; on St. Martin's Day with chestnuts; and on the feast of St. Mark with a rosebud, whilst the bride elect, in exchange for these love-tokens, would give him silken sashes, embroidered handkerchiefs, etc. But never were combs allowed, for they savored of witchcraft; nor books or images of the saints, for they caused displeasure; nor scissors, for they were emblematic of evil tongues;

* Sanudo.

† Pignoria, *Origini di Padova*.

‡ State Archives.

* Viviani, *Trattato del custodire la Sanità*.

nor pins, for there was something about them suggestive of stinging words.* The best man, too, in humble life, was heavily taxed for the honor bestowed upon him. On him devolved the duty of presenting the bride with a box of comfits, a bouquet of artificial flowers, and a purse of money with which to commence her housekeeping, likewise with six bottles of Malaga and Cyprus wine, and six of rosolio *li-queur* for the nuptial banquet.†

We admire greatly the Piazza of St. Mark, its mosaic-faced cathedral, its tame pigeons, and its dazzling cafés, yet we seldom realize how gay it must have been in the days when tournaments and bull-fights were held therein; and a bull-fight in Venice was not the atrocious spectacle it is in Spain. Human life and limbs were never risked; the infuriated animal was held in check by cords attached to its horns, whilst dogs were let loose upon it to accomplish the end.

But tournaments were the real amusements which rejoiced the hearts of grandeur-loving Venetians. There sat the doge and council on a raised platform at the cathedral door; the piazza was adorned with pictures, pavilions, banners, and shields. Mounted on horses with shining trappings, the combatants fought in raiment of purple and gold; the prize would be a crown of gold sparkling with gems,‡ and, says Petrarch, who was present at one in 1364.§ "in the management of arms, and in bearing fatigue, the Venetians show that they are as capable by land, as they are invincible by sea."

Everybody knows how the doge on Ascension Day was wont to wed the Adriatic with a golden ring, in commemoration of a victory gained by the Venetians over some pirates in 997; but an almost more interesting ceremony than this, which took place on Holy Thursday, has long since sunk into oblivion. In 1162, Ulrico, patriarch of Aquileia, organized a great rising of the men of Friuli against Venice, but the patriarch was beaten, and together with twelve priests was taken captive by the queen of the Adriatic. Pope Vitale II. ordered their lives to be spared, but at the same time compelled the patriarch to pay an annual tribute, on Holy Thursday, of a bull and twelve pigs, as perpetual symbols of the patriarch's and his twelve followers' disgrace. Every year, on this

day, great festivities were held; bonfires and illuminations anticipated the break of day; the bull and his twelve inferiors were slaughtered before a vast concourse in the piazza, and then, by way of concluding the pantomime, a wooden castle was erected in the Ducal Hall representing the fortifications of Friuli, which the doge and council solemnly demolished before the eyes of admiring spectators.*

Water pursuits formed an essential part in the life of amphibious Venice. Regattas and processions of gondolas took place on a most extravagant scale of magnificence, as we gather from the sumptuary laws, which were passed to suppress the expenditure on them. In earlier days the Venetians dearly loved a game called the "force of Hercules," a contest which gave rise to wild contention between the inhabitants of *di quà* and *di là* of the Grand Canal; it consisted in two tightly packed pyramids of men erected on flat-bottomed barges, who charged each other with excessive vehemence until one barge-load succeeded in dislodging the occupants of the other, and in capturing the craft. They were arranged as follows: on this wooden barge a group of men supported shoulder-high a smaller stage, on which stood another smaller group on whose shoulders a third tier placed themselves, until seven or eight tapering stories were crowned by a boy called the "crest," whose *coup de force* consisted in turning head over heels on the top of the pyramid, and then standing on his head to carry out *in extenso* the tapering summit of a pyramid with his toe.

A similar game was played on wooden bridges thrown across the Grand Canal, without any balustrades; an equal number of combatants charged from either side, and those who retained their footing on the bridge, and reached the opposite side in safety, were accounted victors.†

A curious instance of Venetian aquatic peculiarities existed until quite a recent date, in the small republic of fishermen, who inhabited the district of San Nicolò dei Mendicoli, a remote quarter of Venice near the sea; these fishermen annually elected their *gastaldo*, or doge, twelve presidents, and one chancellor of their aquatic republic. These functionaries regulated all the fishing laws of Venice, cared for the lives of those who found their vocation in the deep, settled their

* Alessandro Caravia, *Canzoni*.

† Bernoni.

‡ Morelli, *Opere*.

§ Petrarch, *Senil. ad Petrum Bononiensem*.

* Sanudo, *Vita dei Dogi*.

† Gallicoli, *Memorie Venete Antiche*.

disputes, and passed judgment amongst them without any interference from the State; in fact, aristocratic Venice, if provided with fish, cared not to infringe the liberties of their fishmongers, always a trouble to every community, and perhaps best governed when allowed to govern themselves.*

It was a grand day for this humble district of Venice, when on May 19, 1476, the doge, Andrea Vendramini, paid a visit to the doge Baldassare Civran, and his fishermen subjects. Banners streamed from their hovels, to welcome the head functionary of the aristocratic State; in the evening the doge and signory of Venice entertained at a banquet the *élite* of the fishing community, who brought with them, as a present for the supreme magistrate, one straw hat, one bottle of moscat wine, and some oranges.†

The luxury and grandeur of the costumes worn by Venetian ladies trace their origin entirely to Venetian crusaders and commerce in the East. Before 1071 the Venetians were comparatively simple in their attire; in that year their doge, Domenico Selvo, married a daughter of the emperor of Constantinople, Constantine Ducas. She brought with her Eastern customs and luxuries, which made deep impression upon her simple-minded contemporaries in Venice; she was wont to wash in scented water, to cover her body with perfumes and rich unguents, and to bathe her face every morning with dew, gathered expressly for her by her slaves.‡ The chroniclers contemptuously speak of the orange-water she profusely used, of her perfumed gloves, of her silken vests, and of the gold stick she made use of to convey her food to her mouth, and they attribute to the judgment of God on this excessive luxury, her declining health and early death. Yet could they but have witnessed, a few centuries later, the hold these luxuries would have, not only over the fair ones of Venice, but likewise over the men, they would with reason have quaked for the well-being of their republic.

The rich dresses of Venetian ladies are well known to us all in the canvases of Titian, Paul Veronese, and others; their flowing sleeves, their jewelled head-dresses, the richness of their silks and satins, and moreover their long-flowing trains, of which Cristoforo Moro complains thus: "Married women have exceeding long

tails to their vestments, which drag along the ground, which thing is diabolical."§ The extravagance of women in their jewelry and dress brought ruin on many a household, and from the sumptuary laws of later history we gather the extent to which the evil had run. As an instance of female eccentricity in Venice, we may mention the high-heeled boots they wore. Invented originally to keep their dresses out of the mud, these boots grew into such an excessive size, that the soles and heels were frequently over a foot in height, consequently a Venetian lady had great difficulty in locomotion, and required two maidservants and two menservants to accompany her on her walks, as a support from falling; * and to prevent this folly and unnecessary expenditure, frequent statutes were passed, but, says one government decree, "the ladies of Venice pay but little heed to our orders."†

Into their baths these devotees of fashion would throw musk, amber, aloes, myrrh, cedar leaves, lavender, mint, etc.; their pale cheeks they would rouge with paint, and during the night they would place slices of raw veal, which had been soaked for several hours in milk, over their faces, to dispel the pallor incident on dissipation. In short, hundreds of strange receipts are extant for preparing unguents to make their hands and feet soft, to make their nails rosy, and their skin glossy.‡

In the seclusion of their rooms the Venetian ladies gave much time to music, and to the singing of madrigals; they took but little exercise except in gondolas, they delighted in chess, and even in this modest pastime their extravagance was unlimited, for richly wrought gold and silver men, set with chalcedon, jasper, and jewels, or of the finest crystal, would alone satisfy their taste.§ Dearly did they love all games of chance, for many authorities tell us that in Venice cards were first invented; *tarocchi* was the favorite game, for which elegantly designed cards were executed and stamped, as the law demanded, with the senatorial permission. It was not long before the evils of gambling manifested themselves, for a decree of the Council of Ten, in 1506, prohibited games of chance,|| the sale of cards and dice, and obliged servants to denounce their masters who had gambling parties in

* State Archives.

† Archives of the College.

‡ Morosini.

• Casola.

† State Archives.

‡ Marinello, *Ornamenti delle Donne*.

§ Sanudo.

|| State Archives.

their houses. Yet this must have soon been repealed, for nowhere did gambling go to greater lengths than at Venice in later years; the Ridotto and Casini of Venice were far greater hells than even Monaco and Homburg.

For visiting delinquents with condign punishment the Venetian lawgivers are proverbial; assassinations, sacrileges, etc., were common in the by-ways of Venice, and the law saw fit to visit the perpetrators of them with every severity possible. One, Pietro Ramberti,* for killing his maternal aunt and two cousins, was condemned to be placed on a flat-bottomed barge, naked to the waist, and tied to a post. Thus he was conducted the length of the Grand Canal, receiving by the way pinches from red-hot pincers; at Santa Croce he was put on shore and tied to the tail of a horse for some distance, then his right hand was cut off, and finally he was beheaded between the two columns on the Piazzetta, and his body quartered.

From remote ages there existed in Venice contracts for the purchase of and merchandise in slaves. Cargoes of human flesh reached the Adriatic from Tartary, Russia, Africa, etc., and were sold by public auction at San Giorgio and the Rialto. They were baptized and well treated as a rule, for in wills and contracts we not unfrequently find faithful slaves mentioned, whereas hired servants were never remembered by testators.†

Aldus Manutius, the celebrated printer, had a small black slave whom the superstitious believed to be an emissary of Satan. To satisfy the curious, one day he said publicly in church, "I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil; all who think he is not flesh and blood, come and pinch him." Hence, in Venice arose the somewhat curious *sobriquet* of the "printer's devil."

Perhaps some of the most interesting glimpses at Venetian inner life are afforded to us in the villas of literary and artistic men. Literature and science were so absorbing, even to the early Venetians, that a law was once in vogue forbidding those who could with counsel or strength assist their country from entering the ranks of science.‡

The patricians were wont to meet in each other's houses, in rooms exclusively devoted to these literary gatherings,

where everything pleasing to a refined taste was prepared for them. The very floors of these rooms were inlaid with scientific devices; the walls were covered with frescoes or pictures by the best artists. The ceilings depicted a starry hemisphere. Poetry thrived wonderfully at these *réunions*, and after the arrival of Aretino at Venice, in 1527, the poetical talent of Venice reached its height. Aretino, as also other learned men, received a hearty welcome from the doge; he was fawned upon and thoroughly spoiled by the patricians; consequently, his poetry became mean and time-serving. As an adventurer, he knew where best to plant his flattery; as a poet, he could deck that flattery in most becoming robes. He lived on the Grand Canal, and loved, as he tells us in his letters, to watch the busy life beneath him; he was a constant guest at all the leading houses of Venice, and gave himself up to a life of thorough voluptuousness. "The Aretino" became the nickname of the fastest-living *coterie* of Venice, and under his guidance they indulged in many an orgy. Aretino, moreover, was on most intimate terms with Titian and Sansovino; between these three friends a constant round of gaiety went on. "When the snowflakes fell Titian and Aretino in a well-warmed room would sit at table and quaff Trebbian wine, the gift of the wife of Correggio, and they would eat thrushes cooked with laurel and pepper, and hams of Friuli, sent to Aretino by the Count Manfred of Collalto."*

Not a foreigner of celebrity passed through Venice without being welcome at the house of Aretino, and if his constant visitors wearied him he would call a gondola and glide to the quiet abode of Titian in a remote part of the city called Biri, to the loggia of which one ascended by a garden and stairs, and the view from which extended over the poetical lagunes to the distant Alps. Aretino's death was significant of his life; one evening whilst at table he heard an obscene joke which convulsed him with laughter; he fell from his chair and knocked his head heavily on the floor; this caused his death shortly afterwards.†

On the Rialto, hard by the shops of many-colored cloths, and near the desks of the money-changers, was the house of Gentile Bellini, adorned with pictures; an abode of the Muses, which was a favorite *rendezvous* of his fellow-artists.

* *Registri dei Giustiniani*.
† Cibrario, *Della Schiavitù*.
‡ State Archives.

* Mazzuchelli.
† Bongi.

Tintoretto, too, was a proverbial *bon vivant*, and dearly loved a jest. At his musical entertainments, patronized by the *élite* of Venice, his daughter Marietta would delight the audience with her songs. The artists of Venice enjoyed full liberty of speech and action; in short they constituted a species of aristocracy by themselves, honored and respected by the whole of Venice. One day a patrician sat for his picture; Tintoretto was the artist; the noble repeatedly impressed on him the necessity of accurately copying the lace and the golden ornaments which hung from his robes. Disgusted at being thus spoken to, Tintoretto at length cast down his brush and said, "Go to Bassano, he will paint you best." Now Bassano was known to all Venice as the most skilful depicter of the animal world. Assuredly the patrician must have felt humbled.

The pedigree of theatrical development is well traced in Venice. Rude mystery plays in the Piazza amused the earlier inhabitants of the lagunes; stages were set up for them wherever a sufficient space was to be found; the creation of Adam and Eve, the Annunciation, and the Crucifixion formed the most favorite subjects, the interludes of which were filled up with the ludicrous scenes of Puncinello, or jocose contests between Pontius Pilate and Judas, which live, say etymologists, to-day in the streets of London, under the name of "Punch and Judy." By the instrumentality of the Stocking brethren a new element was introduced into the theatrical world in the shape of *momaria*, which took place generally after the banquets and weddings in private life — for long they kept exclusively a private nature; at these a poet would recite, with but little scenic display, extravagant and jocose lays about the ancestors of the chief guest or bride. The pleasure-loving rich quickly adopted these *momaria* on every possible occasion, until, in process of time, they found their way into the Piazza* and public places. In 1532, on Holy Thursday, there took place a grand *momaria* in the Piazza of St. Mark. Stage effect was carefully studied, and the accompaniment of music added zest to the performance. Pallas riding on a serpent, holding in one hand a shield and in the other a book, opened the entertainment; she was followed by Justice and his emblems riding on an elephant; next came Concord on a stork, bearing in one

hand a sceptre and in the other a sphere. Fourthly, Victory rode in on horseback with a sceptre, a sword, and a shield. Peace came next mounted on a lamb, her sceptre was adorned with olives. Lastly, came Abundance with the usual emblems. Around these allegorical figures of the highest class flitted others of an inferior order: such as Ignorance on an ass, Violence on a serpent, War, Death, and Penury, which last was mounted on a dog with a cornucopia full of straw. The stage represented the temple of Janus, and was adorned with arms and trophies; a mock fight took place between the opposite elements depicted on the stage, until at length Victory, who was dressed as the Queen of the Adriatic, declared herself, and the gates of the temple were shut. Dancing succeeded this entertainment, and the Piazza was wild with delight.*

In the private villas of great men, fables, classical plays, and comedies, became common during the early part of the sixteenth century. But it required the exertions of the companies of the Calza to improve the tone of the Venetian stage, so as to suit the tastes of the populace. Gradually wooden stages on the Piazza gave place to closed-in buildings which could be utilized in winter. Tintoretto painted scenic representations for them in his less ambitious days; Vasari designed the representation for one of Aretino's plays called "Talanta;" and in 1565 one of the Calza companies summoned to Venice Palladio, who had just erected his curious little wooden theatre at Vicenza, still an object of curiosity to the traveller who halts at that city; he erected a corresponding one at Venice in the monastery of Santa Maria della Carità; Zuccari painted twelve pictures for it, and it was opened with the representation of a play by Dal Monte, likewise from Vicenza, called "Antigono."

By the end of that century all the stage components were in working order: music, scenery, comedy, and tragedy, so that by the close of the seventeenth century Venice was the owner of no less than eighteen theatres.†

Autumn life in the villas on the mainland was a delightful feature in rich Venetian life. Punctilious in detail, lavish in every luxury, this rural life of a Venetian patrician affords an excellent insight into the character and customs of the dwellers amongst the lagunes. The *dolce far*

* Mutinelli, *Costume Veneziane*.

• Sanudo,
† Galvani.

niente, proverbially Italian, found its exception in Venice. When taking their *villeggiatura*, the Venetians divided the day, allotting to each hour a separate occupation. At nine in the morning a bell rang and all arose, barbers were in attendance to shave the guests, and when toilettes were completed they all assembled at ten for *caffè* and a light collation, at which they were joined by the master of the house; an hour's conversation followed; at eleven another bell rang to summon the household to mass.

It was then expected of everybody to retire to his room for study or contemplation until two o'clock, when dinner was announced. Three rooms were generally allotted for this meal, one for soups and vegetables, another for meats, and a third for sweets and fruits.

The chase, walking, and picnics in the neighboring forests occupied the afternoons, and on these excursions baskets of food were generally carried by domestics, so that when the guests returned home no further meal was necessary, and all could assemble round the gambling table, or watch the theatrical representations provided for their amusement, without the interruption of another lengthy dinner.*

Thus the wealthy Venetian wiled away his life, a life of constant contact with everything refined and luxurious, everything artistic to please the eye, everything to gratify the sense. None of this is to be seen now. Venice of to-day, like some lovely shell spurned by the waves, lies stranded on her own Adriatic, inhabited by a race of beings who have crept in upon and utilized the glory left behind by the dead.

J. THEODORE BENT.

* Longo, *Memorie*.

From The Medical Press and Circular.

ELECTRICITY IN THE THERAPEUTICS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE therapeutic use of electricity is of much greater antiquity than is generally known, for it goes back to the time of the ancients. The Greeks, the Etruscans, and after them the Romans, studied with an eagerness more prompted by superstitious belief than by a regard for science, the phenomena of atmospheric electricity; and they recognized results not only mechanical and physical, but also physi-

ological. They observed also with much surprise the accumulations of electricity which show themselves from time to time on sea and land, and in connection with them the light and electric sparks which are sometimes spontaneously produced by mankind and animals. They also knew the attractive power exercised on light bodies by polished amber, or by tourmaline warmed between the fingers. But amongst their various theories on these phenomena the ancient philosophers have never discovered the tie which connected them. Electric currents and their action on animal economy were unknown to the ancients for this reason: they ignored means and instruments, which we now use to produce at will statical and dynamical electricity, and electro-magnetic phenomena. But nature offered them a perfect electric machine, the torpedo or electric ray (*Raia torpedo*), of which the Greek name, *markê*, and the Latin *torpedo*, explain the numbness which this fish produces in paralyzing its enemies; and the Greek and Roman doctors made use of this living electric battery. We do not know at what epoch those physicians appeared who in their writings mentioned for the first time this mode of cure, though Galen speaks of them. This celebrated Greek physician of the second century of our own era explains himself clearly in his treatise on "Simple Medicines," where the following is to be found: "Some authors have written that the torpedo applied to the head cures cephalalgia, etc. Having thought of placing the torpedo while alive in contact with the head of a person suffering from cephalalgia because I thought that this animal might have a calming effect like those other remedies which dull our sense of feeling, I found that the statement was quite true." These experiments are also certified by the Greek doctors of the Byzantine epoch, *Ætius* and *Paul of Egina*. But already, under the emperor *Claudius*, the Roman physician, *Scribonius Largus*, wrote in the time of *Jesus Christ* the following lines: "Against any kind of gout in the feet it is necessary when the pain begins to place under the feet of a patient on a shore, not dry, but washed by the sea, a black living torpedo, which is kept there until a numbness is felt in the entire foot and tibia up to the knee. This will relieve the pain for the present and cure the disease for the future." Thus *Scribonius Largus*, a century before *Galen*, knew that the torpedo ought to be used while alive, and that the presence of

water was useful; but he did *not* know that bodies of this species were good conductors of electricity. In a word, the ancients used electricity as a therapeutic agent without being aware of it. These details, almost unknown, were published by Dr. Morand in 1876, in the *Journal of Electricity*, which has only reached a few numbers. This journal had been started in the expectation of an exhibition like that at Paris, which ought to have taken place in 1877, but was abandoned on the announcement of the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

From Nature.

THE SHINING SLAVE-MAKER.
(*Polyergus lucidus*.)

THE Rev. H. M'Cook is as fortunate as he is energetic in his studies of the American ants. At the December, 1880, meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia he read a paper on the discovery at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, near Altoona, of a nest of *Polyergus lucidus*, the American representative of the legionary ant of Huber (*P. rufescens*), an ant associated with that author's discovery of ant-nests, in which certain ants have associated with them, in a sort of slavery, ants of another species. The nest had four gates separated a few inches from each other; the chambers were placed one above the other, united by tubular galleries. In an inner ovoid chamber numbers of the ants, male and female, appeared; mingled with these in large numbers were workers in three forms — major, minor, and dwarf of *Formica schauffussi*. A portion of the excavated nest was broken into, and on the next day but one was visited. None of the shining ants were at work, but the "slaves" were very busy cleaning out the galleries; a portion of the slaves were engaged in an extensive migration; a few were carrying their fellows, but for the

most part the deportation was confined to the males and females of the shining ants. It was wonderful to see the large virgin-queens carried up the perpendicular face of the cutting for eighteen or twenty inches, and then for the distance of six feet over the ground and through the grass, and this in a few seconds over a minute. The shining ants are able to take a most wonderful grip. One of them had fallen under the displeasure of another, who held her firmly grasped by the middle thorax. Anxious to preserve the colony from unnecessary loss, Mr. M'Cook lifted the two out on the point of a quill toothpick, laid them on his hand, and thrust the fine point of the quill between the jaws of the aggressor, and so teased her that she released her fellow. The rescued ant instantly clasped the palm of his hand, threw her abdomen under her, and then, with back curved like that of an angry cat, sawed and tugged away at the skin until an abrasion was made. The other ant still clung fast by her mandibles only to the toothpick's point, her body stretched out into space, her limbs stretched outwards, except one hing leg, which was a little bent upward, and thus without any perceptible support except that which her jaws gave her upon the quill-point, she hung outstretched for several minutes. About a month after its discovery the nest was again visited; it was abundantly peopled; the winged forms of the shining ant were however gone. Having succeeded in colonizing these ants Mr. M'Cook was able to confirm in many particulars the statements of Huber, Förstl, and others, but he never happened to see the slaves feeding their masters. He noticed that they seemed to like to move towards both warmth and light, but he does not seem to have settled the question whether they would not prefer the warmth without the light. They would appear to be very clean in their ways and persons. Various experiments seemed to establish the fact that these slave-makers always keep a guard ready at once for any attack.